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To the Readers of the Rambler.

In reply to various inquiries, we have to state, that no further additions to, or alterations in, the general contents of the RAMBLER are in contemplation; while arrangements are in progress for very materially improving and developing that portion of the Journal which has reference to the Fine Arts. A very large number of extremely competent writers have engaged to contribute to our pages; and we trust that, by the aid of not less than between twenty and thirty contributors, in Great Britain, Ireland, Italy, France, Germany, and the United States of America, we shall be able to render the RAMBLER every thing which its well-wishers can desire.

We have already derived much advantage from the suggestions of various friends in different parts, both at home and abroad; and we shall at all times be happy to receive any hints or information with which we may be favoured.

POSITION OF THE CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHILE the works of man are ever varying, decaying and perishing, the works of God endure eternally the same, until bid to change by that Almighty fiat which first called them into being. One law of permanence supports them all, whether natural or spiritual. The sun that gilded the glades of Paradise, the moon that rose upon the waste of waters in the days of Noah, the grain that nourished the earliest denizens of earth,—all are what they were, even to this hour. Our works alone perish; Nature is what she was six thousand years ago.

And thus it is with the great spiritual creation of the Lord of all things. The Christian Church abides unchanged the shock of centuries, and is vigorous with perpetual youth; while the empires of the world crumble, and are seen no more. Her temporal possessions perish; her recognised relations to that world in which she is placed are scarcely the same for two successive generations: but as He who dwells within her, and who is her life, is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever; so does she continue, the only work that endures of all those in which the agency of man is concerned.

VOL. I.

Placed as we now are in the very midst of that century in which the crisis of modern ideas is rapidly hastening to its accomplishment, it is a consoling and glorious thing to look back and contemplate the past destinies of the Church, by the light of the Christian's faith. At first confined to a few faithful souls, and counting in her numbers none but the Virgin Mother of her Lord and a small band of believing hearts, she spread abroad by slow degrees, and for three hundred years met the world face to face, in open, avowed, and mortal conflict. Then came the first great revolution in the relations of the Church to the secular power. From the place of disdain and persecution, she mounted to the place of wealth and honour; the sovereigns of the earth claimed her friendship, and overwhelmed her with their gifts. By and by these secular sovereignties were themselves shattered, and fell to the ground—some in the East, some in the West—and new ideas swept throughout every land which owned the name of Christian. An age of darkness and barbarism succeeded to a day of luxury and corrupted civilisation, to be followed by a gradual breaking forth of light, order, and comparative peace. During these centuries the Church alone remained what she had ever been, in her creed, her morals, her discipline, and her government. Yet amidst the struggles that raged around her between various political and social theories, she never ceased to win her way more powerfully into the hearts of men, till at length she actually ruled the world, and the prophecies were fulfilled which foretold that she should place her feet on the necks of its kings and princes.

After three centuries more she again entered into conflict with the masters of the earth, under new circumstances, and oppressed with new difficulties. Vigorous, energetic, and rising with ever-increasing elasticity after every apparent discomfiture, she consolidated her ranks once more, and from that day forward has presented so compact and invulnerable a front to her foes, that they who own not her divine life are yet compelled to do homage to her marvellous powers. But the times of her medieval relations were gone for ever. Henceforth she has been called to do her heavenly work in new circumstances. During another three hundred years she has been loosening the bonds of nominal friendship which bound her to the authorities of the world. Every generation has beheld her poorer in the riches of this fleeting life, and more separated from that secular influence, which, if it sometimes is put forth for her advantage, is too often exerted to her grievous loss. In our own day the crisis is at hand. The new notions on the relations of Church and State are culminating throughout Christendom. The Bride of Christ is every where ascertaining, by that surest of all tests, experience, the position in which it is best for her to place herself with respect to the temporal powers of the State. In one country, she essays it with a slight bias in one direction; in another, with a tendency in a contrary way: here she decides her destiny by struggles, there

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by peaceful arrangements: in one land, she fixes her future fate in a year; in another, generations scarcely suffice for her settlement.

Look through Christendom, indeed, and where do we find two nations in which the recognised position of the Church is precisely the same? In Italy and Germany, in France and Spain, in England and America, every where we behold her in a different relation to the world. Yet we venture to assert, that every where the tendency is to a complete separation between the Church and the Secular Power, where they are now united; while in all cases there is a demand for a recognition of the *existence* and claims of the Church by the State. We dare not hazard any positive or dogmatic assertions; but if we might specify that kingdom in which the Church has most definitely ascertained the relation in which it is most conducive for her welfare that she should work out her glorious destiny amidst modern ideas, we should name the United States of America. In England and in France we approach, but only approach, that condition in which the Church is recognised as she ought to be by the secular power, and obtains from it just that aid, and *no more*, which is adapted to her needs and powers. In England we call for a distinct and open recognition—not of her exclusive divine rights, for we ask no distinctions—but of her existence, as a vast corporate body, with a recognised government, with whom the powers of the world ought to treat, and to whom the secular arm ought to secure the enjoyment of that earthly wealth which it may please Divine Providence to confer upon the Church. In France, up to this present time, the scale has inclined a degree in the opposite direction. There, not only has the Church, with her head, been thus recognised and treated with, but the secular power has been permitted to enjoy a certain measure of influence in the actual government of the French Church itself. True it is that, by the all-controlling mercy of the Most High, this interloping—(if we may so call that interference which was sanctioned by the supreme earthly head of the Church)—this interloping of the secular arm in the affairs of the sanctuary has been wonderfully overruled to the glory of God and the good of his people. Those very Bishops who have been appointed through the influence of Louis Philippe, and who, it was feared, would favour his crafty plans for the enslavement of the French clergy, have proved among the most zealous defenders of the indefeasible rights of the Church of God. And now the aged Monarch beholds his cunning network dashed in pieces, and he has fled for shelter to the shores of England. But where is that Church whom he thought to govern? Let the events of the last fortnight testify to the divine power, the purity, the glory, and the independence of the Church of France, amidst the intrigues of ministers and the fury of an agitated people. She dwells now in peace in that capital of all that is most polished, most daring, most bloody, and most impure; and the men who were wont to shout in execration of her name, come joyfully to kiss the hem of her royal garments.

In asserting, therefore, that, even were it possible, we should deprecate and dread even such an alliance between the Catholic Church and the State as has existed for several years in France, we do not dare to impugn the wisdom of that godly policy which permitted a certain measure of interference with her concerns, on the part of a godless government. The Pontiff who agreed to a Concordat on such terms, we cannot doubt, was guided by the most enlightened wisdom; and the hand of the Almighty has visibly

made the work to prosper. But we firmly believe that the day for even this degree of influence is now gone for ever, even in France. The Republic will give her freedom, recognise her existence, and secure to her a power to exercise her discipline and manage her property; and no further will it concern itself with her affairs, unless it be to call in her aid to quell the frightful ragings of the social tempest which may threaten to overwhelm the whole state and all its citizens.

And what the Church will thus become to France, such we earnestly pray to see her among ourselves. We desire to behold her recognised as a portion of that vast spiritual community of which the Holy Father is the head, and her Bishops as our legitimate superiors. We desire to see them put into a position to arrange any points they may please with the temporal power, and to receive securities from the law of the land, that, in exercising ecclesiastical discipline, they shall not be molested by any of the statutes of the realm. We desire to see the Sovereign Pontiff treated with that respect and decent civility which the Queen of England does not refuse to the pettiest state of Germany or South America. We desire to know that our poor earthly possessions are held as sacred as those of every other religious body in the empire. We desire to know that England is no more, as a nation, *suspicious* of the Church of Christ; that it admits her at least to be sincere and truthful; that it gives her credit for being loyal, pure, patriotic, and a lover of peace; that if it deems itself aggrieved by the proceedings of any of her members, as such, it communicates directly and honourably with her supreme authorities, and discountenances the slanders and preposterous insults which a hireling press, or a popular orator, delights to heap upon the Church of God.

And yet more, we hope and pray to see the time when, not by any legislative enactments or agreements with the Pontiff, but through the mighty force of truth, the eyes of the British people are opened to behold the divine power of the Church, and their voice is lifted up to invoke her aid in saving the nation from its perils, and its millions from anarchy and destruction. When, oh, when, will that day be here, when the temporal power shall learn to see its own imbecility and helplessness to grapple with the awful facts of the time, and shall give free play to that spiritual body which alone has power to charm the raging waves to silence and to peace; and when justice shall be done to the devoted body of the Irish priesthood, who, amidst calumny and insult, are in fact the real and the chief upholders of all law and order in their long-suffering land?

OLD ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPLES AND MODERN POLITICAL IDEAS.

It is a most interesting subject of inquiry, whether, or how far, the modern ideas of government and of the relations that should subsist between the civil and ecclesiastical powers are reconcilable with the immutable doctrines and principles of the Church. How stands she really affected on the great question of civil and religious liberty? Has she any doctrine on the subject, any definite principle on which she proceeds? Has she any theory on the connexion between Church and State? Is she sincere in her exertions in favour of free institutions and religious toleration? Can she consistently uphold or labour for liberty of conscience? What is the meaning of her apparent alliance with the spirit of liberalism, and the support she seems to be every where

giving to those who would deprive the State of its religious character, and admit all sects of Christians, and even Jews also, to the participation of equal rights in the commonwealth? In all this, is she guided by any fixed and consistent principles, or is she, as her enemies assert, availing herself of the tendencies of the times to further her own designs, in the end only to become the victim of the forces to which she is communicating an accelerated speed?

These are the questions which are being asked on all sides, or at least are occupying the thoughts of all who speculate on what is passing at home and abroad. And every day they become more important and more practical; whether men think and observe or not, the Church is actively exhibiting to the world a solution of the great problems of the times, and entering confidently on the new era that is opening before her. In France, owing to the convulsions to which the nation has been subjected, the continual changes in the form of government, and the unsettled and anomalous situation in which the Church has been placed in respect to the civil power, the questions of a State religion, liberty of conscience, and the civil rights of Catholics, have been more definitively and systematically discussed, and the grounds on which the Church has stood, and the principles on which she has acted in her relations with the powers of the world in all ages, have been more rigorously examined and more clearly ascertained than perhaps at any other time or in any other country. To the Catholic writers of France, therefore, we cannot do better than have recourse, if we would see these points treated of with particularity and reference to first principles, and would obtain such information as is most available for practical purposes in the readiest form. Our present contribution to the elucidation of this most interesting subject has partly been suggested by, and is partly grounded on an analysis of the recent work* of M. Parisi, the Bishop of Langres, contained in a late number of the *Correspondant*. That work is concerned with the general question, chiefly as it bears upon the position of the Catholics of France, and is intended, as its title imports, to solve certain cases of conscience to which the anomalies of their condition had given rise. Our remarks will be directed rather to the exhibition of the great primary principles on which the conclusions rest, and which are applicable to all countries and all times. We shall consider the several questions in the order in which they are discussed by the learned prelate.

1. Liberty of Conscience.

Q. Can we, while maintaining the essentially exclusive doctrines of the Catholic faith, sincerely desire the free exercise of all religions whatever; and can we legitimately appeal to the principle of toleration for our own protection and freedom?

A. Liberty of conscience may be considered either with reference to the divine law and the spiritual authority, or to the civil law and the secular powers.

A Catholic may not, without prejudice to his faith, seek to emancipate his conscience from religious authority, or believe that other religions, considered intrinsically in their relations with God and the salvation of souls, equally *deserve* the protection of the secular power. This would be nothing less than to deny the oneness of the truth and the supremacy of God's word; it would be to degrade faith into mere opinion, and in effect, to reject revelation itself. But the Catholic Church, while asserting with authority that the maintenance of the one faith and communion with the one body are the only ordinary, and therefore, practically, the exclusive conditions of salvation, has never pretended that the infliction

of temporal penalties was any part of her divine authoritative mission; nor has she ever so much as sanctioned the notion that the secular power has the right to punish religious offences, considered simply in reference to faith and the individual conscience. Neither, therefore, is it any principle of Catholic belief, that the secular power, as such, is bound to protect or tolerate none but the true religion.

In former times, indeed, when the secular power chose to make the true religion the basis of government, and to identify obedience to the faith with obedience to the laws, the Church was willing and glad that so it should be. Such conduct on the part of the State was an admission by the powers of the world that faith was a positive thing, and that to reject the faith was to rebel against the truth and authority of God. Nor in those days was there any hardship, or injustice, or intolerance in the matter, for both governors and subjects were members of the Catholic body, and maintained the one faith and acknowledged the one spiritual head of the Church. It was no act of tyranny on the part of the Church towards the State, or of the rulers of the State towards their people. It was a piece of jurisprudence approved by the consent of mankind. The people perceived that there was no solid liberty, or real equality, or true fraternity, except on the basis of religion, and in the support and protection of the Church; the rulers perceived that the surest foundation and bond of political unity was the unity of faith and religious communion. Accordingly, they treated a rejection of the Catholic faith, and a withdrawal from Catholic communion, as no less a crime than rebellion against the authority of civil government, and an outrage upon society itself; and as such they punished it. Now-a-days men punish for the overt act, then they punished for the principle of which the overt act is the consequence. But, at all events, it was not the Church that pretended to the power of punishing heresy and schism, but the State that exercised the right of punishing violation of the laws and rebellion against the constituted authorities—nay, against all on which law, order, and authority depended. This the Church sanctioned, this public opinion approved; not, therefore, on the principle that purely religious questions, obligatory on the conscience, were subjects of legislative control and enactment, or that purely religious offences ought to be visited with temporal penalties, but that religious faith being the recognised sanction of all government, and the necessary bond of society, to violate that faith was to destroy the unity of the social and political body, and to sin against humanity itself.

Though, therefore, the Catholic does not deny to the secular power the right of protecting and tolerating one only religion and punishing the infringement of its laws, where such a course is reconcilable with liberty, justice, and truth, yet he does deny its right of interfering, where such interference is arbitrary, unjust, or illiberal—contrary, therefore, alike to the interests of morality and religion, and to the principles of a wise and comprehensive policy. Consequently, he believes that certain conjunctures, or the continued circumstances of the times and the state of public opinion, make it not only permissible, but obligatory on a government to leave all religions free so far as regards itself. Whence again it follows, that where constitutions exist which secure to all religions their free exercise, there is nothing to prevent him demanding, in favour of the Church, her rightful share in the civil liberty granted to all; in other words, he is at liberty to appeal to the principle of toleration—his constitutional right—to secure to the Church equal freedom and protection.

The contrary can be maintained only on the supposition that a law which guarantees civil liberty to all religions is essentially contrary to Catholic doctrine: 1st, because it virtually declares all religions to be equally deserving of the protection of the secular power, and therefore equally true; and 2dly, because it puts civil and political interests—the interests of this life—above those of religion, which are spiritual and eternal; and therefore that such a law being *radically* and its testimony ought not to be appealed to.

In answer to these objections, we may urge, 1st, that even supposing such a principle to be virtually involved

* *Cas de Conscience à propos des libertés exercées ou réclamées par les Catholiques; ou accord de la doctrine catholique avec la forme des gouvernements modernes.* Paris, Lecoffre.

in the law in question, it does not therefore follow that such appeal may not be made; for it is not true that it is never permissible to invoke the aid of a bad law for the obtaining of justice. However bad, unjust, and irreligious a law may be, if we have need of its authority to obtain a right to which we are entitled—and especially if this right be of a religious nature—we certainly may, and in certain cases we ought to, appeal to its testimony. There is all the difference between making a bad law and profiting by a lawful use of it when it is made, as there is between intending or acting wickedly oneself, and preventing the evil effects of such intention or action in others. To make a good use of a bad law is not to do evil that good may come; it is to turn what is evil to a good account; it is to imitate God himself, who often acts thus in the most marvellous operations of his omnipotence. Father Lacordaire, in his recent sermon on Mr. O'Connell, gives a notable instance bearing forcibly on this very subject. "The philosophy of the eighteenth century, although hostile to Christianity, borrowed from it the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, and maintained it with a zeal that was indefatigable,—less, doubtless, through the love of justice and truth, than with the design of overturning the kingdom of Jesus Christ. But whatever was the motive, it revived in the minds of men the idea of an equitable toleration, and prepared the way in succeeding generations for the emancipation of the nations from the iron hand of despotism and heresy. Thus is God wont to draw good out of evil; and nothing arises in the world, even though contrary to truth and justice, which is not destined, sooner or later, through a divine transformation, to serve the cause of justice and truth." Although, therefore, a law be intrinsically bad, we may make what use we legitimately can of it for the benefit of religion and for the furtherance of what is good and true, without sanctioning the irreligious or evil principle on which it was originally framed.

But, 2dly, such a principle is not necessarily involved in a law which guarantees civil liberty to all religious persuasions. *It is not true that the secular power cannot, without prejudice to Catholic doctrine, permit and even protect the civil liberty of different religions.* For an institution, like an individual, must aim, before all things, at its own particular end: now the particular end of civil governments is the well-being of society, considered in its temporal interests. A Catholic ruler, therefore, while ranking, in the estimation of faith, the interests of the Church far above those of the State, must, in fact, occupy himself, in his capacity of ruler, chiefly with the latter. And although in no case may he withhold from the Church the liberty of exerting and developing its own resources, yet may he sometimes deny her certain privileges and an exclusive protection (so to call it), should detriment thereby result to civil society, with the interests of which he is especially charged.

The grounds on which a proceeding in appearance contrary to the divine institution of the Church may be justified, are deducible from the interests of civil society, and, above all, from those of the Church herself. It is most true that civil society is, in its nature and in its object, inferior to religious society; and hence it follows that it is never allowable to sacrifice, by any positive act, the true interests of the Church to those of the State. But this is not to affirm that the ruler is bound to inflict positive detriment upon civil society to procure to religion privileges which are not absolutely necessary. Constantine on his conversion did not hesitate, for reasons of State, to grant civil and public toleration to a religion the most criminal that the world ever saw—the solemn worship of the creature, the deification of the vices. How, then, can it be maintained that the same toleration is never to be granted to religions in which it is always the true God that is the object of worship?

But if such toleration be lawful on the part of a Catholic ruler on political grounds, *a fortiori* it must be permissible, and may even become obligatory, in cases where it is demanded by the interests of the Church. Now, it is certain that this is generally the case at the present day. And, in fact, who does not know that nearly always the protection, and especially

the exclusive protection and patronage, of the powers of the world, have done much harm to the Church, and procured her but a very moderate good? The history of France is alone sufficient to shew what evils result to the Church when she is supported by coercive laws, or allied, or supposed to be allied, to an oppressive and unpopular government. The protection of the Church is in the hearts of the people, and not in the arm of the secular power.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR IN ROME.

LETTER I.—THE QUARANT' ORE.

Rome, First Sunday in Advent, 1847.

MY DEAR —, I begin my correspondence to you from Rome on this first day of the new ecclesiastical year, because, as I think you will agree with me, it has been celebrated here in a manner worthy both of the day and of the place. If Rome commemorates all other holydays and seasons with any thing like equal appropriateness and solemnity, a twelvemonth's residence within her walls must be one of the highest privileges and greatest pleasures that one could enjoy. I do not mean on account of the superior splendour and external magnificence of High Masses, processions, and other public functions; though this, of course, must be very striking to an Englishman; but much more by reason of the peculiar distinctness of character with which each portion of the Christian year would be thus marked, each being made to impress its own proper lesson upon the minds of the faithful. However, I will not weary your patience by dwelling upon future expectations, and drawing hypothetical conclusions, but enter at once upon some account of what I have already seen, that has given rise to such brilliant anticipations.

I dare say several hundred sermons have been preached to-day in different parts of the world upon prayer and watchfulness, as specially appropriate duties of Advent; and though probably not ten individuals beyond the circle of Cardinals could hear and understand a single word of the good Dominican's discourse, as he preached before the Pope in the Sistine Chapel this morning, yet I am sure it is not too much to say, that no where throughout the whole Church have those duties been more eloquently and effectually inculcated, than in this same city of Rome, and in that very chapel—not by words perhaps, but by deeds; not through the ears, but the eyes. We saw the Holy Father, the head of Christ's Church upon earth, not only watching and praying himself—a sight by those who were near enough to observe his countenance never to be forgotten—but also putting the whole Church of this city into the same attitude, so to speak, according to a form of devotion which continues, day after day, and night after night, in one unwearied round throughout the whole year (excepting, indeed, for a very brief interval, of which you shall hear in due time); I mean, the Quarant' Ore, of which, I dare say, you have often heard, and than which it is impossible to conceive a more simple, and touching, and, at the same time, a more literal commentary upon those words of the apostle, "Pray without ceasing." On the first Sunday in Advent of every year, the Pope solemnly recommences the cycle of this beautiful devotion in the Sistine, or rather in the Pauline, Chapel; *i. e.* after Mass and the Litanies of the Saints in the one, the Pope carries the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession to the other, and there sets it up for public adoration; and from hence it is transferred to all the principal churches in succession throughout the different parts of the city—not according to any order of dignity, excepting in the case of the first three, the most ancient Basilicas—but according to a plan drawn up by the Cardinal Vicar, and published every six months. You must not imagine that the Blessed Sacrament itself is carried from one church to another on these occasions, but only that when the devotion has ceased in one church, it is begun in another; or rather, that it is being ended in the one place and begun in the other at the very same moment, that so there may never be any risk of even the slightest interruption. For instance, whilst the High Mass is being sung and Benediction given in the Pauline Chapel on Tuesday, previous to removing the Blessed Sacrament from the *ostensorium*, in which

it is now exposed, and restoring it to the tabernacle, i. e. taking down or removing the Quarant' Ore, as it is called, the Canons of St. John Lateran will be just setting it up; and in like manner, whilst they are removing it on Thursday, the Canons of St. Peter's will be beginning it, &c. You will observe, too, that the Blessed Sacrament does not remain exposed only for forty hours in each place, as the name would seem to imply, but for two whole days, or forty-eight hours. And this is not the only or even the principal point of difference between the ancient and modern practice of this devotion. The truth is, that the good Father Joseph of Ferno (originally a Minor Observant, but who afterwards, with four or five others, migrated to the Capuchins, and who was the first who ever practised it,) did not contemplate its becoming a permanent and ordinary devotion of the faithful. He began it in Milan, in the year 1536, as a means of deprecating God's wrath, and obtaining immediate relief from the troubles which Milan was suffering from the war between the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. King of France; and he chose the term of forty hours, in commemoration of our Lord's silent abode among the dead for that space of time. He seems to have used it much for the same purposes as in modern times missions or retreats are given; not at all as it now is, mainly to do honour to the Blessed Sacrament, and to keep up a perpetual sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, but to stir up the people to break off their evil habits, and especially to lay aside those bitter feuds and private enmities, by which, at that time, the whole framework of Italian society was being distracted.

He went about, therefore, from town to town, especially in the north, establishing the devotion, not, as I have said, as a perpetual ordinance, but for forty hours only; during the whole of which time he often remained in the church, preaching continually at different intervals, and always with the same wonderful success. In one town, the Bishop told him that he had quenched more than a hundred quarrels during a single Quarant' Ore; in another, Arezzo, domestic feuds had risen to such a height, that many families had already left, and there seemed danger of its being wholly depopulated; but such was the success of Father Joseph's preaching, that when he paid them a second visit on his return from Siena, the magistrates and clergy went out to meet him, welcoming him as the second founder of their town. In Gubbio, where he found the inhabitants in daily expectation of a siege by the army of Paul III., who was seeking to recover it from the unjust usurpation of the Duke of Urbino, Father Joseph promised that, if they would celebrate the Quarant' Ore with great devotion, the Pope's army should never behold the city, although it was already known to be in the immediate neighbourhood. And, in accordance with this prediction, the army was snowed up at Assisi, and very shortly afterwards the contending parties came to an amicable arrangement of their dispute; whereupon, in token of gratitude, the people made a decree that they would celebrate the Quarant' Ore every year in the church of St. Francis, at Christmas-tide. But though the devotion was blessed from the first by many wonderful fruits, wherever it was introduced, and though the clergy and people, especially the Capuchins, every where prosecuted it with much zeal and fervour, still it had not as yet a perpetual establishment.

In Rome, St. Philip Neri persuaded his confessor to have it celebrated once a month, but still in the same manner as it had been begun by Father Joseph; I mean, that he used to preach during the exposition, and sometimes to remain there himself for the whole forty hours; and on one of these occasions he converted thirty young men, who had been living in habits of carelessness. Ten or twelve years afterwards we find, from a Bull of Pius IV., that the same practice prevailed in another church in Rome, by one of those pious confraternities for which this city is so remarkable, the confraternity *dell' orazione*, otherwise called *della morte*, whose special duty it was, and still is (for the society yet flourishes, and has a church of its own), to provide Christian burial for the poor, more particularly for those who might be found dead in the highway or in the fields. We learn from this Bull, that this confraternity, having been moved by some heavenly inspiration, was in the

habit of setting apart forty hours in every month to be spent in prayer and watching, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, in honour of the forty days during which our Lord prayed and fasted in the wilderness, a practice which they still continue in the third week of every month. It was not until thirty years later, A.D. 1592, that Clement VIII. published a Bull, in which, lamenting over the sad state of Christendom, and especially of France, the threatened invasion of the Turks, the spread of heresies, &c., he declares that no human aid can avail against such mighty and overwhelming evils, that there is no help, no refuge, no safety, but only in prayer, and that this is always powerful and prevailing in proportion to the number and fervency of the petitioners; wherefore he ordains that at least in this one city of Rome, prayer shall be made without ceasing day and night. "We are all poor," he says, "and stand in need of God's grace; without Him we can attain no good, escape no evil; ask, therefore, and you shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Pray for the Holy Catholic Church, that all errors may be put to flight, and that the one true faith may be propagated throughout the whole world; pray also, that all sinners may be converted, and may not be swallowed up in the waves of wickedness, but be saved by the plank of repentance. Pray for the peace of kings, and the unity of all Christian people. Pray for the afflicted kingdom of France, that He who rules over all nations, whose will nothing can resist, may restore to that most Christian kingdom, which deserves so well of our holy religion, its ancient piety and tranquillity. Pray that those most fierce enemies of the faith, the Turks, who, incensed with an audacious fury, do not cease to threaten ruin and slavery to all Christians, may be brought low by the right hand of God. Lastly, pray for ourselves also, that God may assist our weakness, that we faint not under so great a burden, but that He may make us profitable to his people, both by word and by example, and to fulfil the work of our ministry, that so, together with the flock committed to our unworthy trust, we may arrive at everlasting life, through the sprinkling of the blood of that spotless Lamb which we offer daily upon our altars," &c. &c.

The eloquent and edifying language of this Bull is well worthy of its subject, which, again, is well worthy of the place and of the writer. There is something to my mind particularly solemn and imposing in the idea of there being thus set up, in the very centre and citadel of all Christendom, so noble a monument of perseverance in prayer; and that, too, not prayer for ourselves only, but in a more especial manner for others, for the whole Church. Intercession is of the very essence of this devotion; it is what the Bull I have mentioned distinctly and peculiarly enjoins, and what the prayers, which are always used in establishing it, principally consist of; so that it is the privilege of every child of the Catholic Church throughout the world always to have at least this one consolation, the certainty that there are some persons in the world at that very moment praying for him; whether he be racked with pain on a bed of sickness, or threatened with instant death by the raging waters,—whatever his trials may be, and whenever they may come upon him,—though in the silent hours of night, without a friend, without a single witness to pity him, still the Mother and Mistress of all Churches is not forgetting the very least of all her children; she prays for him. For me, this one fact alone suffices to make me proud of the appellation of *Roman Catholic*, and happy in my residence in this privileged city; and if you had witnessed the devotion of the people as often as I have done, in the churches where these prayers are being offered, you would not wonder at my enthusiasm. By night the church is of course closed, for the prevention of scandals; and only the ecclesiastics of that particular church, and the members of certain confraternities formed for this special duty, are admitted to be present, to watch and pray in succession, each for a certain length of time, before the Blessed Sacrament on the altar: meanwhile lamps are suspended outside the doors, to warn the passers by, and to excite them to join, in spirit at least, if not for a moment in outward act also, with the worshippers within. But it is impossible to

appreciate the scene that presents itself in these churches by day, unless one has been in the habit of very frequent attendance oneself; nearly a twelvemonth's experience has shewn me that, even though the church may happen to be in the most distant and unfrequented parts of the city, or though the weather may be tempestuous, or though some popular festival may be drawing many in another direction, yet you can never find this devotion otherwise than most fully attended. The steady perseverance with which the halt and the blind daily besiege the doors, is a pretty good criterion of this. Of course, however, it is more crowded at some hours than at others; for instance, in the afternoon, when the *cameratas* of the several lay and ecclesiastical colleges flock in, one after the other, as a means of sanctifying their daily walk; and again at the Ave, or half-an-hour after sunset, when numbers of persons of every rank, but especially the poor and those who have been busy all the day, crowd in to offer up their evening sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving in the immediate presence of their God. It is certainly at this latter hour that the church of the Quarant' Ore presents the most attractive spectacle. During the day, the light from without is excluded, and all the images covered up; so that on first entering, the eye, which has just been rejoicing in the unclouded brilliance of an Italian sky, can scarcely distinguish any thing but the small cluster of dim lights (varying from twenty to fifty perhaps) which surround the *ostensorium*. By degrees the scattered worshippers one by one become visible, kneeling in silent adoration before their Lord, and the first impression of gloom soon passes off; but at the Ave Maria, and for the next hour or hour and a half, during which this church has the privilege of being kept open, the effect is quite different—chandeliers innumerable illuminate the whole neighbourhood of the high altar, from the pavement to the very roof; on the altar itself three or four hundred candles at once, arranged in every variety of graceful pattern, encircle the Blessed Sacrament with a perfect blaze of brightness; crowds of worshippers are kneeling absorbed in prayer, and the scene is at once captivating to the eye and satisfying to the heart.

How I wish that some of our fellow-countrymen could be induced to step aside occasionally from the busy streets, or to give up some tempting "sight," that they might devote five minutes' serious contemplation to this most striking spectacle. It has often grieved me to see these, some even who appeared anxious to gain an insight into the practices of our holy religion, returning with a look of contempt or of disappointment from some popular festival or ecclesiastical ceremony, as if complaining that they could see no devotion there; I have longed to tell them that it is not at these great functions that they can learn any thing of the real religious spirit of the people. At such a time all, except those actually officiating (against whom I never heard a word spoken), are alike in a measure sight-seers; but let them turn aside from the great Basilicas, and go where they see the monstrosity suspended across the street and over the door, where the sentinel paces up and down to prevent the Jews from intruding on the sacred presence of Him whom they crucified, and where an additional curtain, put up for the purpose, screens the most Holy of holies from the irreverent gaze of any chance passenger; let them go where any of these tokens warn them of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and there they will see something of Roman devotion. Or, if they fail to find these tokens for themselves, and are at a loss where to look for them, let them enter the first small shop which they pass—the smaller the better—and look at the notice which they will find pasted against the wall or the door; a notice, not of the hours of arrival and departure of railway trains, steamers, or omnibuses, as in England, but of the various churches in which the Quarant' Ore is to be celebrated throughout the year. When they first enter the church, they will see some things, perhaps, which may appear strange, such as persons touching the ground with their foreheads, or kissing it with their lips, in acknowledgment of their deep unworthiness, just as we read of the whole Flemish army on the morning before their victory over the French at Courtray in 1302; but they will see much

more, which even the most prejudiced can only admire and humbly wish to imitate, in the statue-like stillness of the kneeling forms, who with clasped hands and uplifted faces are worshipping around, gazing in silent love upon their Lord, as if unconscious of any presence but His whom they are come to honour, and in the rapt expression of some of the countenances which meet the eye amongst the half-clad beggars through whom one has to thread one's way on leaving the church. N.

Journal of the Week.

March 3.

THE most important feature in last night's debates in Parliament, was the discussion on the new Houses. Sir R. Inglis moved for a select committee on the present state of the new Palace at Westminster; paid a high compliment to Mr. Barry, another to the late Lord Granville Somerset, and said that the common notions on the cost and delay of the works were greatly exaggerated. Mr. Osborne then replied, that all the House of Commons had to do was to guard the public purse; and made some very foolish observations in depreciation of the buildings and decorations. Lord Morpeth defended Mr. Barry, and supported the motion. The Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that it should be withdrawn, and that Lord Morpeth should appoint a Commission on his own responsibility. To this Sir Robert agreed.

Sir Henry Barron comes in for Waterford, after a close run with Mr. Patrick Costelloe. Mr. T. F. Meagher had no chance from the beginning of the polling. The numbers were—Barron, 319; Costelloe, 301; Meagher, 154. Barron is a Whig.

The Duchess of Orleans and Guizot, with the Duke of Montpensier, are said to be certainly in Jersey, and coming to Southampton. Of the ex-King nothing is known. The Provisional Government continues its work in Paris, and has received adhesions from Soult, Sebastiani, Bugeaud, and the other marshals. The celebrated Legitimist deputy Larochejaquelein, has followed with the rest, and says his motto is, "*Le pays avant tout*." Of the fresh decrees, one of the most notable is that which changes the word "regiment" into "demi-brigade," the old republican name. It has the advantage of extinguishing the present irritation against certain *corps*. The redress of labour-grievances is occupying the attention of the Government; but its difficulties are, we fear, almost insuperable. Many valuable movables were rescued by the Polytechnic students from the fire at Neuilly, and in the plundering of the Tuileries; Louis Philippe's ms. memoirs of his early life among the number.

From America there are tidings that a treaty of peace has been concluded between the United States and Mexico, though not sufficiently to the loss of Mexico to satisfy Mr. Polk's party. It is even said that the President and his friends almost openly avow their wishes to seize the whole of Mexico.

March 4.

Louis Philippe and his consort are at length in England. On Thursday evening they sailed from Honfleur to Newhaven. At twelve o'clock yesterday the Royal fugitives landed; and the moment the King set his foot on shore, he cried, "Thank God, I am on British ground!" As it is not every day that kings are dethroned in a few hours, we give the details of his flight at some length.

On leaving Paris, with two attendants and two servants, they proceeded to Versailles, where they hired a common vehicle to take them to Dreux. Here they put up at the house of a person on whose fidelity they could rely, where they passed the night. This friend, a farmer, procured disguises; the King habited himself in an old cloak and cap, having first shaved his whiskers, discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy the recognition even of his most intimate friends.

They started long before daylight on their way to La Ferte Vidame, where Mr. Packham has been building a mill on some private property of Louis Philippe; took the road of Evreux, 12 to 15 leagues from Hon-

fleur; travelled chiefly by night; and reached Honfleur at five o'clock on Saturday morning. They remained at Honfleur in the house of a gentleman whom the King knew for a short time, and then crossed to Trouville, a short distance from the town. It was their intention to embark at Trouville; but owing to the boisterous state of the weather, and the Queen's exhausted condition, they deferred their departure till the weather changed on Thursday. In the mean time, information was secretly conveyed to the Express, Southampton steamship, that she would be required to take a party from Havre to England.

On Thursday afternoon the gentleman who sheltered the dethroned monarch and his consort at Honfleur engaged a French fishing-boat to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Havre; and fearing that in this small vessel the features of the King might be recognised, the gentleman engaged a person to interpret French to the King, who passed as an Englishman. Nothing of moment transpired on the passage to Havre, where the Express was waiting with her steam up; and at nine o'clock on Thursday evening the Royal fugitives and suite set sail for England. The vessel reached the offing of Newhaven Harbour at seven o'clock this morning; but owing to the state of the tide, she could not enter till nearly twelve o'clock.

The King was met by several of the inhabitants, who offered their congratulations on his safe arrival, and with whom he shook hands most cordially. His Majesty looked fatigued and care-worn. He inquired for Mr. Packham, a gentleman who has for years been a *protégé* of the ex-King, and a tenant of his Majesty for some extensive mills near the Chateau d'Eu. Mr. Packham now resides in Brighton, having retired from the management of the establishment, which is now carried on by his nephew and other persons.

Mr. Packham, on the messenger reaching him at Brighton, immediately posted to Newhaven, with a gentleman named White, who had been in the household of Louis Philippe many years. On his arrival, he found that the King had changed his attire, and was dressed in a plain suit of black. He looked well, and the marks of anxiety which had shewn themselves at his landing had disappeared. He was quite cheerful. The Queen was in the room writing a letter, and apparently buried in thought: she scarcely noticed the presence of strangers. Several persons were introduced to the King during the day. He seemed gratified at their calling, and spoke freely and pleasantly to all the visitors. Before Mr. Packham left him, the King gave him the whole of his money, for the purpose of getting it exchanged for English coin, and purchasing wearing-apparel, "of which," said the King, smiling, "I am very short."

In Paris, Lord Normanby has officially communicated the determination of England to recognise the new Government; and all classes are strengthening the Republic by *pre-paying* their taxes.

The King of the Belgians appears to be consolidating his rule, and to be becoming really popular. Baden, if rumour is to be credited, is in insurrection, and the tri-color displayed. Fighting has recommenced in Sicily, at Messina, apparently to the advantage of the Sicilians; and Lord Minto has left Naples for the island, with full powers from the King to adjust his differences with the people.

The Indian Mail brings no very important news. Two thousand pounds had been subscribed in a few days for a monument to Lord Hardinge. Dost Mahomed was said to be secreting treasure at Cabul. A serious earthquake has caused much mischief at Melilla, in Morocco.

A discussion took place last night in the House of Lords, between Lords Lyttelton and Lansdowne, and some of the Bishops, with reference to certain regulations in the management of Church Schools. In the Commons, Mr. Horsman moved that amendment of the income-tax which is demanded by every member of the commercial, manufacturing, and professional classes throughout the kingdom. The tax on incomes from professions and public offices he would make fourpence in the pound; on those from trade, commerce, &c., sixpence; and on others, eightpence. The Ministry of course opposed the motion, and it was lost.

The lands contiguous to the Thames, especially on the line of the Great Western Railway, have been extensively flooded by the late rains, and much damage is done.

Two candidates, Mr. Hawes, the Under Colonial Secretary, and Lord Robert Clinton, are candidates for the vacant seat of Kinsale, on the Whig and Conservative interests. In some parts of the south of Ireland, illuminations have been called for to celebrate the Parisian Revolution; but all seems to have passed off quietly. A more frightful scene than usual took place at the execution of three of the men condemned by the late Special Commission at Clonmel. One of the three attacked and almost succeeded in killing the hangman; and it was only through the influence of the Catholic clergyman in attendance that the awful termination was brought about without terrible disturbance.

March 6.

The tidings from Germany and Spain speak of great excitements every where prevailing, at the news of the French Revolution; though all is so vague, that it is impossible to put implicit credit in any thing that is said. In Baden, it appears that liberty of the press, a Burgher Guard, and trial by jury, have been conceded by the Grand Duke. In Spain, Christina is said to be overwhelmed with grief; while the English alliance is again popular. The Republic of France is recognised by Belgium, where the reign of Leopold seems to be firmer than hitherto, and a strong national feeling pervades all classes.

The scene—for such it was—at the funeral of the victims of the late events in Paris, was singular, striking, and French. While the authorities were with difficulty pushing their way into the church, the choir under the portico, drawn from the three operas, and conducted by MM. Girard and Laty, contributed its part to the proceedings. The arrival of the Provisional Government was hailed by the *Marseillaise*, with the accompaniment of a military band; then came a funeral march by Cherubini; this was succeeded by the "oath" chorus from *Guillaume Tell*, a piece from the *Creation* ("the Heavens are telling"), and the "prayer" from *Mose in Egitto*. The selection seemed to alternate mourning and supplication with the notes of triumph. As the music ceased, the funeral cars on which the coffins, fifteen in number, had been placed were ready to proceed; as the first of the six moved onward, the *Marseillaise* was repeated; one verse was sung by the female voices alone, the men taking up the chorus, "*Aux armes*." As the strain arose, the whole crowd uncovered, and remained so till the last of the cars, which were open, shewing the forms of the coffins under the black palls, had passed. The dramatic effect at that moment, the homage of the people, the fierce invocation to battle, the stillness of death, all uniting, made every heart beat quicker with excitement.

Louis Philippe and all his family who are in England have taken refuge at Claremont House.

March 7.

After a short discussion last night between Mr. Urquhart and Lord Palmerston, in which Lord Palmerston made a jest of the whole affair, Mr. Hume proposed the limitation of the income-tax to one year only, instead of the three years proposed by the Government. The most important speech in the discussion was Sir Robert Peel's, who astutely turned aside the whole question respecting the principles on which the tax is levied, and ended with a declaration of his adhesion to the new French Republic, and expressed his hopes that the new exiles would not plot against it during their stay in England.

A riot, that might have assumed a serious importance, took place in the course of the day at Charing Cross. Mr. Cochrane, the late candidate for Westminster, had summoned an open-air meeting on the subject of the income-tax. On being informed by the authorities that such a meeting was illegal within a mile of the Houses of Parliament during their session, Mr. Cochrane withdrew his notice; but occasion was taken by a number of pickpockets and vagabonds to get up a disturbance, and in the end the commotion became not a

little annoying; many windows were broken, the police were called out in great numbers, and midnight hardly found peace restored. Many were taken into custody, after a somewhat severe skirmish with the police.

In Glasgow still more serious riots have commenced. There is more of political feeling displayed by the Scotch agitators than by the London people. Gun-shops and jewellers' shops have been plundered, and the soldiers are called out every where in the city.

From abroad the most important news is from Germany; every where along the Rhine the excitement spreads. Prussia, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Nassau, are all more or less convulsed. Belgium remains tranquil; and in Paris the new Government continues to work well. They have named the 20th of April for the election of the new National Deputies, of course on the principle of universal suffrage, but with details which will go far to throw the whole power into the hands of an active actual majority, leaving the minority, however large, wholly unrepresented.

March 8.

The Glasgow riots are calmed for a few hours, but apparently are very far from being really ended. The Charing Cross disturbances were renewed last night, and no less than 3000 police were stationed at various points in the neighbourhood. Many of the rioters were apprehended, with broken heads from the truncheons of the police; and no great mischief was done.

In Parliament nothing but a few conversations took place; Mr. Milnes making inquiries on the subject of the Charing Cross riots of Monday night; and Mr. Anstey giving notice that he should move the insertion of clauses in the Catholic Relief Bill to-morrow for the registration of Jesuits and regulars.

The Duchess of Orleans and her children have reached Ems, where they are to remain, it is said, for a time.

March 9.

The House of Commons was occupied yesterday afternoon in the discussion of the earlier clauses of Mr. Anstey's Catholic Relief Bill. A long, complicated series of questions, answers, disputes, and recriminations, took place; and the general impression of the debate may be best described by quoting Mr. Miles' speech on one of the amendments. He said "that the Committee appeared to be in so much confusion, that Hon. Members hardly knew what they were about to vote upon. Therefore, in the name of a vast community in England who felt interested in the subject, he wanted to know what the Attorney-General wished them to do." As matters seemed to get no smoother, the Chairman reported progress as soon as he could.

London itself was in a state of small alarm all the day; the vagabonds set moving by Mr. Cochrane still continuing to parade the streets, and the shops being generally closed in many of the leading thoroughfares. The hubbub, however, is rapidly subsiding.

The Glasgow riots are far more serious. The pensioners have been compelled to fire on the mob, and some dozen people have fallen, killed or wounded; unhappily, for the most part, innocent of all guilt, and mere lookers-on. As usual, the guilty parties are the first to run away. The Electric Telegraph news of last night announced that the town was tranquil. At Manchester fears of an outbreak were entertained, and the neighbourhood of one of the workhouses was in commotion throughout the day. The state of trade in Manchester for the last ten days has become more gloomy than ever.

The Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by two of his Vicars-General, presented himself to the Provisional Government on Tuesday, and gave in his adhesion to the new order of things, in the name of the entire clergy of his diocese. M. Dupont de l'Eure, President of the Government, thus replied to the Prelate:—"The Provisional Government receives with the liveliest satisfaction your adhesion to the Government of the Republic. Liberty and religion are two sisters, equally interested to live on good terms with each other. We rely on your co-operation, and on that of the clergy, as you may rely on the sentiments of benevolence of the Provisional Government."

Reviews.

The Parson, Pen, and Pencil; or, Reminiscences and Illustrations of an Excursion to Paris, Tours, and Rouen, in the Summer of 1847; with a few Memoranda on French Farming. By G. M. Musgrave, M.A., Vicar of Borden, Kent. 3 vols. London, Bentley.

HERE is a great deal of the *pen*, a moderate quantity of the *parson*, and a small modicum of the *pencil*. How the first of the three superabounds, may be inferred from the fact, that the parson has compounded three decent octavos from materials gathered in a tour of something more than a fortnight! If such be our author's books, what must be his sermons? The very thought of their length is perfectly appalling. For the sake of the good people of Borden, we fervently trust that the Reverend Vicar discourses in the pulpit at less length than he discourses in print. He tells us candidly that wonderfully few men are to be seen at church in such parishes as his own: can it be that he preaches them away by an interminable longitude of oration, defying even the proverbial Sunday drowsiness of an English labourer to sleep it out? In the commonest goodwill to our agricultural fellow-creatures, we trust it is not so.

Still more, we trust that our traveller is not habitually smitten with the same desire of being vivacious and sparkling, which possesses him when he recounts his French adventures. His jocoseness is melancholy in the extreme; and the "gentleman and the scholar," as he calls himself, becomes neither more nor less than insufferably vulgar and silly. His perpetual quotations are stale, commonplace, and schoolboyish; his wit is little better than a respectable kind of slang; and his notions of what is new to the stay-at-home people of England, most delightfully simple and innocent. In what hidden vale of Kent can Borden lie that its Incumbent should deem it necessary to inform mankind that the French for "bonnet" is *chapeau*; or to enliven his pages with sketches of diligences, carts, and waiters at hotels?

We regret all this, because Mr. Musgrave is evidently capable of better things, and has indeed given us in these three volumes occasional pieces of information, which, though sufficiently known to many people, are yet singularly overlooked by the common herd of British travellers. He is unquestionably a person of considerable activity and energy, who has his eyes open wherever he goes, and, above all, who is quite as ready to be pleased as to be disgusted. And though now and then he utters a bit of supreme nonsense, and displays an ignorance most profound, on the whole he is not a man of prejudice, either religious, political, or national. As such, we should be glad to meet him again whenever he likes to take another run, or flight, across the Channel; provided always that he will abjure his fancy for being funny and brilliant, and will employ his pencil on something better than portraits of the rolls of bread in bakers' shops, or the legs of the National Guard on the Place Carrousel in Paris.

The most important parts of his work are those in which he recounts a few of the details of French farming, and relates all he saw and all that was told him on the subject. We are surprised, indeed, that in so short a time he got together so much information; and are disposed to give him credit for as fair and business-like a view of the matter as could be gained in such a rapid course as that which he pursued. The moment he takes to common sense and plain facts he becomes quite another man; and even on such topics as might naturally be supposed to clash the most with his professional prepossessions, he generally writes like a person of candour and quick observation, so far as his limited knowledge permits him. We shall give one or two specimens of his mode of speaking on French religious affairs.

"Looked into the church of St. Nicholas des Champs; a fine old Gothic structure of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I noticed ten different styles of columns; regretting the gross discrepancy of twelve fluted Doric pillars, in contrast with the most perfect specimens of the age of Louis XI., when the early Gothic was still extensively in vogue.

"There was a very large assemblage of the children of either sex from the schools, public and private, of the parish

of St. Nicholas. They were attending the church, in conformity with a rule enjoining all young persons who had not received the rite of confirmation to present themselves before their minister for several days previous to the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul (June 29th), that they might be examined as to their knowledge of the Catechism, their acquaintance with the rite (the Papists call it a sacrament) of confirmation, and their general proficiency in religious learning; and thus be prepared for their *première communion*. A very low pulpit, resembling our church reading-desks, was placed immediately before the railing of the altar in the eastern extremity of the church,—behind the great altar: and there were about 1100 boys and girls, arranged in a very orderly manner, on forms surrounding this desk; the boys on the right, the girls on the left.

"All other individuals were rigidly excluded from the inclosure; the Swiss halberdier beadles exercising their fullest powers in enforcing the interdict, and keeping open a wide avenue of approach for the children as they continued to arrive, mass-book and primers in hand, from the other end of the building. I contrived, however, to wedge my heretical person into a recess, from which I could easily hear and see all that was going forward. A mild, venerable-looking priest, of about sixty years of age, at length entered the temporary rostrum I have already described, having an opened book in his right hand. I think it was a baptismal office-book, very thin and hard; for it made a most significant report when he abruptly shut it up, and, by that signal, brought all the 1100 or 1200 children, in an instant of time, upon their feet. This done, he opened and shut it twice, with equal rapidity. They immediately made the sign of the cross on their foreheads and chests. At the next explosion of this *gun ecclesiastic* (to use a Hudibrastic phrase), they all sat down again. He then addressed them, in a very impressive manner, on the theme of St. Peter's call to the apostleship and ministry; on his weakness in the hour of temptation; his denial of Christ; his bitter grief; and heartfelt and acceptable repentance. The language of this homily was intelligible by the youngest. It was unexceptionable both in doctrine and tendency, and rivetted the attention of every child present. How such an influence is gained over young creatures of such early age, strikes me as a mystery. I penetrated their ranks with a lynx-eye of scrutiny, expecting, naturally, to discover at least as many see-sawing legs, straying hands, averted looks, tittering or whispering, and laughing or chattering lips, as, on the average, may be numbered in such assemblages on our side of the Channel. After a survey of many minutes, I relinquished my gaze, being unable to detect the slightest delinquency. How is this?"

Here, again, is the result of the general impressions produced by his intercourse with the clergy. In another place,—being a good, kind-hearted, domestic, farming sort of a gentleman himself,—he grievously laments the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. What surprises us most, however, is, that a person with so much sense and good feeling should actually put faith in the ideas of a godless scoffier like Michelet, and talk of the pure Christianity of such a man as Guizot.

"Before we parted," says Mr. Musgrave, on one occasion, after describing various Catholic functions, "I inquired whether any ecclesiastical dignitary, corresponding with our arch-deacon, visited the parishes. His reply was, 'There is a personage, generally a canon, who is called *chef du canton*, and who makes periodical visits to inspect the fabric of the church, and to receive any *réclamations* (any *presentments*) the churchwardens, president, or treasurer, may wish to make respecting the affairs of the Church. All grave matters are carried up to the Bishop's Court of Diocese.'

"My stay in the country was too brief to admit of my instituting wider inquiry into the discipline, resources, or general well-being of the Church and clergy. The *surveillance* of the bishops is evidently active and zealous; the closest possible acquaintance being maintained with all the characters and circumstances of the subordinates; and every provision made for preserving in unity of purpose, in the bond of peace, and most friendly intercommunications, the whole body of ecclesiastical force, if I may so express myself, to whom is intrusted the conservation and *propagandism* of the faith and religion of their Church. How large an amount of their zeal and success is imputable to a conscientious sense of their obligations under the ordination-vow, may be reasonably inferred from reference to the standard of pecuniary remuneration fixed by the State, which in but very few instances awards a higher salary than 2400 francs (100*l.*) per annum, to any incumbent. Whatever emolument is attainable beyond this dole must accrue from fees on marriages, baptisms, funerals, monuments, and private masses at the instance of families or single individuals. The curates derive maintenance from occasional subsidies and donations contributed by the families over whom they exercise spiritual influence; much of which *entretien* or substantial

bounty is given in kind, as a supplement to the communal stipend awarded by law; and I suppose that a curate in a populous commune in France is the only personage now in existence realising the minister who, we are informed, was

'—passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

"Taking them for all in all, I cannot but speak well of these worthies, the Romish clergy in France. Indeed, I never omitted a favourable opportunity of conversing with them in any country, whether they were cardinals in Rome, priors in a Tuscan convent, or priests in a Swiss parish-church; but be their position what it might, let the subject be gay or grave, lively or severe, the amenity of their manner, the quiet, constrained, and deferential deportment, the tempered tone and courteous style of their argument, was undeviatingly sure of conciliating good-will; the more undesirable, in several instances, perhaps, inasmuch as in Christian advocacy of truth it was painful to use strong *heretical* language, and to maintain a hostile attitude, while they, on their part, were pleading for the excellency of their principles 'more in sorrow than in anger;' and deprecating harsh judgment by the meekness with which they seemed desirous of instructing more fully in the lessons of their very questionable creed one who so stanchly rejected it."

We shall content ourselves with another quotation on a subject of no little interest, at a time when the passions of a Parisian populace are stirred to their depths by all the excitement of a rapid revolution. No one has failed to remark how striking is the contrast between the feeling of the multitudes in Paris towards religion and its ministers, with the diabolical rancour with which in the last century they outraged the very name of Christianity itself, or with the ill-concealed animosity displayed at the revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne. Any such testimony, therefore, of an observant looker-on like our author, which gives a picture of some portion of the morals of Paris, is just now more than usually interesting; and we are disposed to regret that Mr. Musgrave had not more time to look about him in that great depository of all that is best and worst in human nature. The passage is somewhat long, but it is worth reading throughout.

"Something far more sensible and substantial than all this flattering sweet ostentation of piety repaid my visit, on this occasion, to the Church Book-Lending Library, established in the first lateral chapel at the entrance of the northern aisle. The Rev. M. A. Testou, director of the library, obligingly presented me with the *règlement*, or rules of the institution, from which I gathered what follows:—

"This Catholic library was opened in St. Eustache, on Christmas-day, 1842, with the sanction of his Grace the Archbishop of Paris and the incumbent of the benefice, as a powerful means of renewing the principles of faith, and purifying the morals of the people. The maintenance of the library to be supplied by voluntary contributions of books, or gifts in money; or by annual subscriptions of 5*d.* a month, or 5*s.* a year; all persons in any wise able to pay a yearly subscription being earnestly requested to do so, rather than augment the labour of the secretaries by monthly settlements. The 28th of August being St. Augustine's-day, under whose special auspices the library was established, to be the day for a general meeting, at which, after mass, all subscribers and benefactors are to assemble, and deliberate, in some fitly chosen place, on the best methods of carrying out the original intentions of the library.

"Persons unable to pay a subscription for even three months (1*s.* 3*d.*), will be supplied with books gratuitously: this privilege being attainable through the churchwardens, and to be exercised by them accordingly as the resources of the stock in hand may permit. On such occasions the party applying must present a sealed ticket to the director, with a recommendation from some party who will be responsible for the restoration of the book lent.

"The library issues volumes on religion, doctrinal and moral; on religious subjects, history, biography, travels, science, and literature in general; as also those which supply innocent amusement for the mind; no author's works being excluded except those which are opposed to the faith, and calculated to corrupt the morals of the community. No book to be kept for a longer period than one month. Should the borrower wish to retain the book beyond that time, he must, on returning the volume, intimate his desire to the librarian, who, if no other person have applied for it, will permit him to keep it through another period. The library in the church to be open for the issue of books on Sunday, Monday, and Friday, from half-past twelve to half-past two.

"The librarian assured me that this Church lending-library was doing much good; and I was glad to report as much of my own at home. This led me to address a few remarks to

him on a subject with regard to which I was very desirous of gathering a little information from men of his order. I observed that I had, within the last three days, passed through some fifty miles of pavement in Paris, penetrating some of its obscurest quarters, and ranging, with an eye of curiosity, through its most public thoroughfares, without encountering—what in former years had appeared to me the foulest stigma on the capital—the vendors of prints on which any man calling himself a Christian ought to be ashamed to look. Nothing of the kind, nothing that could pander to depraved appetite, or the vilest inclinations of a reprobate mind, was now to be detected on stall, wall, or window; a contrast with bygone times which seemed to me absolutely incomprehensible; a change which, I was willing to believe, indicated a vast amelioration of public morals. Had the clergy of Paris taken any steps in the suppression of these atrocious publications?

“His reply was to this effect. Up to a certain period, many years subsequent to the crisis of the great revolution, the public mind, distracted and debased by the vicious political *furor* of the age, was wholly incapable of receiving any religious impressions. The usual evils accompanying this state of feeling raged for a lamentable period of time, without check or control; and all flesh seemed to have corrupted his way in France: the inhabitants of Paris, especially, seemed, even in many high places, to be given up to that reprobate mind which works all uncleanness with greediness. This deplorable forgetfulness of God and all purity, rebuked by the signal calamities and judicial sufferings of the nation at the date of Napoleon’s overthrow, was, to a certain degree, shamed into better principles of life by the example of a pious monarch and an equally devout princess, in the persons of Louis XVIII. and the Duchess of Angoulême. The influence of his successor, himself a reclaimed and converted ‘man of pleasure’ (as the world saith), was not lost on the public mind; but, nevertheless, the free and undisguised circulation of these pernicious incentives to sin continued to degrade men and youth of all conditions, till the stirring events of 1830 aroused the population to nobler sentiments; and on the successes attending their struggle for political independence, was based a healthy feeling of self-respect; the taste for low gratifications and sensuality, in all its accursed varieties, was exhausted; or rather, swallowed up in patriotic ardour, which prompted the citizens of Paris to consider their country’s honour compromised by any individual’s indulgence in the vices which characterised the private life of *Egalité* Orleans, or the public morals of old France: and, in proportion as the demand for these detestable stimulants began to diminish, the supply, as was natural, became less abundant; till, by degrees, the offence ceased to obtrude itself on the public notice, and the dealers in this worst merchandise of iniquity found their occupation gone. That which had been effected by the revulsion of political zeal, was now, to a certain extent, fostered by the resuscitation of religious principle, which directed the currents of thought and strong passions into higher and holier courses; and it was to be hoped and believed, that divine grace had worked with the will to reform such abominations altogether. The clergy had confined their expostulations to private counsel: had they originated any penal interdiction, the most probable result would have been a defiance of their protest and interference, and a resentful attempt to revive the practice to which I had alluded, in its most flagitious extremes of criminality.

“*Valeat quantum!* There seems but a scanty modicum of religious constraint in all this, and a vast deal too much of the *esprit de corps politique*. It is something gained, nevertheless, for the public weal. Beyond a doubt, there must have been more villainy at work for every fell purpose of corruption than met the eye; there may have been that *within*, with a vengeance, which passed *show*; and, walk where I would, I must, perforce, feel that

“Incedo per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.”

“My foot on hidden fire treads, although
Deceitful ashes screen the flame below.”

“Still, the hideous ocular demonstrations are withdrawn; so also are the women that used to throng the arcades of the Palais Royal. As was said, in turn, of the several dethroned rulers of France, ‘they have ceased to reign’ *there*. The cellars in the Palais Royal—those haunts of iniquity of which, to use the language of the Apostle, ‘it would be a shame to speak’—are no longer open to the eye of the promenaders in that noble enclosure. Where, in 1820, and, indeed, in 1825, the roar of bacchanalian revelry, and the harp and the viol mingled their twanging notes with the yells and ribald jests of subterranean *canaille*, all is now silence. Those ancient dens of sin are, at the present period, converted into wine-vaults and store-rooms. There *must* be gaming-tables, roulette, *faro*, *rouge et noir*, &c. &c. still, in some of the upper apartments of the houses in the Palais Royal; but, though there be such places of resort, they are most successfully concealed, not only from the inhabitants

and visitors, but also from the agents of the police, by whom, under royal edict, these hells upon earth have, within the last twelve years, been annihilated. I could not find any of the old billiard-tables, even.

“Now, it is not to be supposed that, while the population has been increasing, and the social state of the French capital imbibing the corruption of as vitiated periodical publications as ever yet tended to destroy moral or religious principle, there should be any, the slightest, diminution of evils on which a rising generation of freethinkers and the patrons of Eugene Sue would look with complacency. Many of the choice spirits and bold philosophers of ‘Young France’ seem, by their language, to resolve virtue and vice into constitution: a resolution which goes far towards making sweet religion a mere rhapsody of words, and to paralyse and destroy the souls which these doctrinists would exempt from moral responsibility. Happy is it for France that some sevens of thousands have not bowed the knee to the Baal of this foul perversion; that, among so many faithless, there have been many faithful found—many Michelets, D’Aubignes, Guizots, who have not so learned Christ.

“I am speaking, briefly and cursorily, on a fact to be lamented, rather than discussed. The presumption is reasonable, that the vices to which these passing allusions have been made are still raging in the French metropolis—that the degrading passions which found constant stimulants in the Circenian styes of the Palais Royal, are cherished by similar incentives, in more secluded localities—and that the genial influences of early training in the course of pious discipline are too rare, and much too feeble, to counteract the pernicious theories of that liberalism which, be its pretensions what they may, is decidedly hostile to the public manners, and to all improvement in the domestic virtues fatal.

“Still the open, undisguised, public display of these abominations exists no longer. Till within a few years past sin paraded its allurements morning, noon, and night. *On a changé tout cela*; the best change wrought by the last revolution. The foul haunts now require some considerable amount of search and inquiry; and the tempting devils lurk in the devious paths. They are no more to be seen in the highway and concourse of the widest streets. There is more to offend and outrage decency in the Strand, the Quadrant, and Regent Street of London, at the present time, between seven o’clock and eleven every evening, than in all the public walks and purlieus of Paris between the Barrière de Neuilly and the Barrière d’Enfer. The control which could thus clear the pavement and close the salons, without respect of national prejudices or predilections, might be deemed too despotic for constitutional England, where the sensitiveness of the people on the subject of personal liberty, even after it has been abused into a cloke of licentiousness, is often exhibited in the absurdest forms of inconsistency; but the fact remains indisputable, that whereas, only a very few years since, the French capital presented the most ostentatious exhibition of scandalous and unclean living, and sullied its beauty with the open toleration of every public incentive to vice, there prevails now a studious concealment of all such evil; which secrecy, though it avail not to exalt the character of the population, is, at any rate, perfectly successful in limiting the range of corruption, and protecting from outrage the possessors of pure, healthy, and virtuous feelings.”

The Princess; a Medley. By Alfred Tennyson.
London, Moxon.

THE author of this curious little freak of fancy has been happy in his choice of a designation for it, for it is truly a *medley*—a mixture of the humorous and the romantic, the playful and the heroic, the grotesque and the pathetic, the antique and the modern.

“A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
A talk of college, and of ladies’ rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade.”

Whether a writer of so much genius and rich imagination has been equally fortunate in choosing to embody his poetic ideas in such a form, is another question. A *medley* can never take a high flight. It cannot possess any unity of design or conception, and must necessarily, therefore, be deficient in true dignity and collective grace. It must sacrifice beauty as a whole, however much it may abound in passages of beauty. As a work of art it can have no pretensions. It must have something of the relation of the pantomime to the drama. Its very beauties take a lower rank from the frame and connexion in which they find themselves. It cannot reach or touch the deeper portions of our nature; and if ever, by a happy eccentricity, it should penetrate as far, it is only to excite in us a feeling of regret that such a striking sentiment, or such an affecting scene, had not

found a more appropriate place, and been lodged in some form of more poetic truth. The sportive, the fanciful, the sparkling, and as much of the tender as is compatible with the sportive, which of course precludes depth and warmth of colouring, are really the only legitimate elements of a production of this nature. To attempt to paint the deeper affections and feelings of the heart, seems out of place.

For this reason, we fear that some of the most poetical passages in the *Princess* will be felt by the generality of readers to be anomalies, rather than natural beauties. They are out of keeping with the artificial state of mind into which we are constrained to throw ourselves, in order to enjoy a playful and extravagant work of this description. Its flimsy texture breaks down under a rich and heavy load of thought and sentiment, and with it the illusion vanishes. The highest charm which this kind of poetic vagary can claim to itself, is that of transporting us into a dreamy world of which fancy is the god, while every other power of the mind is kept almost in abeyance, and even the feelings are not intended to be moved more than is consistent with the aerial natures of that fairy-land in which we rove. Suddenly to bring the light of common day upon the scene, or to let us drop down at once into the world of human passions and affections, occasions a jar to the mind, and a sense of incongruity, which is disappointing and painful.

But the present singular work is not a mere play of fancy. A moral is meant to be conveyed under this fantastic dress; not as in an allegory, that is, by a second meaning separable from the first, but as the direct intention at which the playful irony is aimed. And here, again, we think that the author has not always done justice to himself. He has wished to be satirical, without forfeiting his claim to move or to please; and thus he is able neither to amuse as much, nor to touch as much, as he would have done, had he chosen a decided line, and confined himself to one thing or the other. This is a radical defect generally in the half-comic, half-serious style; and we doubt if there are many minds to which it is even thoroughly satisfactory and pleasing.

We have still another fault to notice, before we proceed to give some account of the subject of the poem. It is a fault which is observable in Mr. Tennyson's other volumes, and in none more than in the present—we mean, the confounding what is true in fact with what is truly poetical, and degrading the *natural* into the merely *animal*. In aiming to be simple, and at the same time graphic, he has occasionally become not only prosaic but puerile; and in endeavouring to portray the natural feelings and affections, he has drawn his illustrations too much from their least pleasing exhibitions, and his language is consequently coarse at times to a degree approaching to the indelicate. The following is not the worst example we could find, but it is sufficient for our purpose. It describes a mother's fondness on recovering her child.

"She sprang
To embrace it, with an eye that swam in thanks,
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough,
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it."

No one can deny that this is nature; but few, we think, will be affected by it in the way the author intends, or will feel that it possesses the truth and grace of poetry. The ideas suggested are unpleasing; we see not the maternal emotion, but the animal display.

Take an instance of another kind:

"Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watch'd them smiling, and the child
Push'd her flat hand against his face, and laugh'd."

We do not mean that there is any thing offensive here; on the contrary, we are affected just as we should be if the little incident had taken place before our eyes, and naturally smile; but whether it be fit matter for poetry, is another question. For ourselves, we cannot reckon it a beauty, even in a medley, and are inclined to believe that the mildest critics will exclaim with us, not, How true to nature! but How odd!

But we hasten with pleasure to throw off our critical mood, and take up the book in the only spirit in which

it is possible to appreciate its beauties. Strange compound as it is, there is a fascination in its very wildness and caprice; the story interests us, the music of the verse enchants us; when once we have resigned ourselves to the wayward humour of the piece, the spell begins to work, and soon we are floating in mid-air above the cold and sober probabilities of this nether world. A harsh sound, a smothered laugh, a glimpse of earth nearer to us than we thought, sometimes half disturbs our dream, but the charm holds on; there is a summery softness in the air, the gale is burdened with the scent of flowers "beating balm upon our eyelids;" we seem to hear the cool plashing of the fountains, and the sweet singing of the birds. Then, as the movement advances

"From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest,
To such a serious end,"

we feel as if we were being carried rapidly from the days of childish sport and youthful fancy to the rude conflicts and real passions of the world of men, yet still disguised in all the rich quaint pageantry of other and chivalrous times.

The story is of the most romantic order, almost resembling a fairy tale in the fancifulness of its incidents and scenic arrangement. The hero of the poem is his own historiographer, and relates the adventurous fortunes of his life:

"A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl."

From a child he had been betrothed to "a neighbouring princess." How his youthful imagination fed itself with day-dreams of his unseen bride is sweetly told in his own words, on the occasion of an interview such as the wildest fancy of his boyish days had never pictured.

"My nurse would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness; when a boy, you stoop'd to me
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
Came in long breezes rapt from the inmost south
And blown to the inmost north; at eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
The leader wild-swan in among the stars
Would clang it; and lapt in wreaths of glow-worm light
The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida."

But when the time for the fulfilment of the contract had arrived, ambassadors sent to fetch the lady bring back but the evasive answer, that compact indeed there was, but not such, of course, as could ever rule a maiden's fancies. In fact, it turns out that the wilful lady has imbibed some monstrous notions of the liberties, the capacities, and the destinies of her sex, has forsworn marriage as the wife of man, by which, for six thousand years, he had succeeded in playing the master over woman, and is resolved herself to commence an era of intellectual and social regeneration to her kind:

"To uplift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man;"

that to this end she has retreated to a summer-palace on the frontier of the two territories, has founded a female *imperium* of discipline and study, and forbidden aught masculine to enter on pain of death.

The prince goes in quest of her to her father's court, and thence, with the old king's cognisance, and attended by two devoted friends of his own age, penetrates audaciously into the forbidden realm in feminine attire, and even gets himself and them matriculated among the subjects in *statu pupillari*. Harlequin and Columbine are now fairly started; the first transformation is effected, and the fun and the interest of the piece commences. The first view of the lady-college is picturesquely described.

"We rode till midnight, when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley; and then we past an arch,
Inscribed too dark for legible, and gain'd
A little street, half garden and half house;
But could not hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up, and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose;
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare."

But our readers must be longing to get a sight of the formidable heroine; we introduce them to her in

the company of the prince himself; it is his first interview:

"There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived through her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet."

The amusing details that follow are invested with all the irony of a grave burlesque; but at the same time the whole scene is described in such bewitching strains of poetry, and so resistless is the grace that attends all the movements of the princess, that one while we are laughing with a secret spite at the mock pretensions of the *lordly* lady, though fearing—such is our awe, in her presence—to be "mastered by the sense of sport," and again won, vanquished by her beauty and her genius, we willingly pay her all the homage she exacts, and almost abet her in the supremacy in which she has enthroned herself.

Ere we pass on, we must push aside the roses that screen the windows of the lecture-rooms, and allow a glimpse, at least to our fairer readers, of Lady—we beg pardon—Doctor Psyche's girlish students, who

"Sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch."

Nor can we refrain from softly pointing out to them

"Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly,
(Her mother's colour,) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seem to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

We need not say that the lectures are as original as they are profound; but we are sorry to add, that jealousy and rivalry have found their way even into this exclusive seat of learning and into the very hearts of the grave professors, and that recreation hours betray the presence of a spirit of insubordination among these

"Six hundred maidens clad in purest white."

The description of the after-dinner diversions and repose is given with all the luxurious imagery of the author of the *Lotus-eaters*; we had marked it for insertion, but must pursue the story. We will not gratify the curiosity of our readers, or rather we will not spoil their pleasure in the book itself, by relating how the imposture is first detected; suffice it to say, the prince's secret is at length publicly exposed. It is on the second evening, under a "tent of satin," where the princess and her maidens are resting and refreshing themselves after the fatigues of a geological expedition, mid sound of song and lute—and never was music wedded to sweeter words, nor words or music better fitted to such an hour and such a scene—that with a sudden piercing sharpness

"There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd;
Melissa clamour'd, 'Flee the death;' 'To horse,'
Said Lady Ida; and fled at once, as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,
When some one batters at the dovecote-doors,
Disorderly the women."

No matter that our hero risks his life to save that of the lovely princess, who, "blind with rage," had missed the narrow plank that spanned the rushing river, and was being rapidly carried down the "horrible fall." She is inexorable, and with fierce disdain—though she spares his life—has her preserver thrust out of her domains in ignominious plight. But what could fair rounded arms and tender lily hands avail against strong thews and manly vigour! Ah, reader! little do you know the resources of her whose power you question.

"Close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labour.—
They push'd us down the steps, and through the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates." (!!!)

Meanwhile, the father of the prince has beleaguered this "palace," no longer "of calm delights," has seized the father of the princess, and holds him in hostage for

his son. And now commences the second part of this whimsical production; a complete metamorphosis of the whole *dramatis personæ* takes place; the princess is transformed into a sort of goddess of war; the prince dons helm of steel and puts lance in rest, and, instead of waging a bloodless fight of words with a literary lady in pleasant masquerade, engages in mortal combat with a fiery, valiant knight, the brother of his betrothed. The scene opens amid "lines and walls of canvass," and the clash of knightly arms. Young love and old age think to devise some easy issue to the feud, but strong will and hot blood come in between, and nothing will do but to fight in tourney, fifty on a side. The "mellay" is described with great spirit; at the end the prince lies as dead upon the field. Then, after a hymn of triumph, the princess and her ladies troop out into the flowery mead towards the lists. At the sight of the work which her folly and her fancy have wrought, her heart begins to soften, and gradually all the sensibilities of her soul are allowed their proper vent; the tears burst from their fountains; pride is vanquished by love and nature. From this moment she has our sympathies.

This may be called the third transformation, and it raises us to the region of genuine poetry: the author has here put forth his greatest power. The prince is taken into the palace, and with him pours in the mingled tide of friend and foe; such is the horror of the vestal building at the swarm and crush of men, that the very doors "groaned" as they entered; the "virgin marble" of the halls "shriek'd under iron heels;"

"And now and then an echo started up
And, shuddering, fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments."

The prince, still senseless, is nursed by the princess, and unconsciously love slides into her heart. The whole description, rhythm and all, is truly Tennysonian; and in so characterising it we mean to mix blame with commendation. There is the same exquisite modulation in the verse, the same richness of thought, the same tenderness of feeling, by which his former volumes are distinguished; but there is the same occasional over-softness and voluptuousness in his conceptions, which must ever render his writings dangerous to young and delicate minds. We cannot trust Mr. Tennyson's imagination; we never feel safe in yielding ourselves to it; the ideas suggested are often high to the sensual, the tone and colouring of a seductive order. Truth compels us to say this, and with the more regret because we feel that he is capable of better and higher things. We acknowledge his power, we admire his genius; but we lament and are provoked by his wasteful, wanton use of a rare gift, and by what we must deem studied eccentricity and wilful recklessness.

But we will not end with blame. The following beautiful idyll, which the prince, on waking "deep in the night," overhears the watcher by his bed reading, to herself, displays all the peculiar excellences of the author's style:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)—
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide, a sunbeam, by the blasted pine,
To sit, a star, upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand-in-hand with plenty in the maize,
Or red with spiced purple in the vats,
Or fox-like in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Hours,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call; and I,
Thy shepherd, pipe; and sweet is every sound,—
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Perhaps there are no lines of truer poetry in the volume than those which contain the moral of the story:

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference;
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured Poet each;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

REMINISCENCES OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

[Second notice.]

THOUGH Talleyrand was not only an unwilling ecclesiastic, but actually a bishop, no man ever dreamed that he was other than a hearty devotee to this life's delights. He early exchanged the seminary for the world of fashion, and made a *début* most promising to one who abhorred the clerical profession, and longed for distinction in the circles of the gay and brilliant. He entered this sparkling society just at the time when the new ideas, soon to reign dominant in France, were beginning to find a footing even in the courts of princes and in the *salons* of the witty and wealthy. It was at the house of the Marquis de Brignolé that he made his *début* on leaving college. This was in the year 1772. He was a remarkably handsome youth, said our author's friend "C.," and his fresh complexion and long golden hair appeared bright and refreshing amid the crowd of withered *savans* in powdered wigs, who filled the well-lighted *salon*. He often told the tale of this evening's success with great *gusto* and manifest self-satisfaction. Madame de Brignolé was one of the wittiest women in Paris, and held a peculiar position in society; for she had thrown off the common trammels of caste, and avowed herself the admirer of every thing that was illustrious of its kind. Thus all parties, and personal rivals, met willingly at her *réunions*.

On the evening when the young ecclesiastic appeared on the scene an unusually brilliant company was assembled. Among the rest, the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the leaders of fashion of the day, with whom Talleyrand first quarrelled, and then commenced a friendship which lasted till the Chevalier's death in 1815. D'Alembert also was there, and Diderot, and the monarch of the realm of chess-playing, the celebrated Philidor. The latter, a man of modest and retiring habits, good naturedly took the young abbé under his wing, and pointed out to him all the lions of the party.

"They had been some time conversing thus, when their retirement was invaded by two young officers, the one an hussar, the other belonging to the regiment of Royal Cravatte, poor Marie Antoinette's favourite regiment, and the most insolent and saucy one in the whole service. They were evidently very deep in the enjoyment of some good story, for they were speaking low and laughing heartily.

"Let us get a seat down yonder against the wall," said the one to the other, "and I will tell you the rest of the joke. I should not like it to be overheard."

"But I see no room," replied his companion; there is Philidor down there talking to some unfledged blackbird from the *séminaire*."

"No matter, we must have the place. Philidor will soon yield, and the abbé cannot hold out against us."

"They advanced straight to where Philidor and his companion were seated, and, with an insolence which can hardly be understood in our day, but which, it appears, was quite the mark of high birth and fashion at that time, began to annoy, by their loud talking and rude behaviour, the occupants of the two seats which they coveted. Poor Philidor, whose meekness and patience were proverbial, soon became alarmed, and sounded a retreat at once without parley. He rose, with a frightened look at the abbé, and, remarking that the room was so insupportably hot that he was stifled, walked away on tip-toe, not even daring to cast a glance behind. The Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the *garnemens*, immediately seized the vacated chair, and sat upon it soldier-fashion, astride upon the seat, with his

chin resting on the back, staring with effrontery at the young abbé, who, nothing daunted, remained quietly in the same position that he had maintained during the whole evening. He had overheard every word of the conversation which had passed between the two friends as they approached, and was determined not to move an inch. The Royal Cravatte stood beside the hussar, and the abbé was thus completely hemmed in, save on the side next the door, through which it was the evident intention of the two friends to make him soon vanish. Finding, however, their intention completely defeated by the cool manner with which it was received, the Royal Cravatte lost patience, and asked the abbé, with a sneer, if the heat of the place did not incommode him, at the same time advising him, with condescending kindness, to seek the refreshing coolness of the second *salon*, as his friend had already done at their approach. But the abbé answered with a bland politeness peculiar to his manner even then, thanking the officer for his attention, but assuring him that, being of a rather chilly nature, he preferred remaining in the warmer apartment. Royal Cravatte thereupon grew angry; he was a Cadet de Montigny, not long arrived from Normandy, and had not yet lost his miserable Norman drawl.

"Dites donc, mon cher abbé," said he. "Perhaps, as you are just born, you may not yet have been to school; you have yet to learn many things, Monsieur l'Abbé, among which—" "Pardon me," interrupted the abbé, starting up with heightened colour and with flashing eye, and mimicking the lengthened nasal twang of the officer, "I have been to school, and have learnt my letters, and know that an abbé (A B) is not made to *céder* (C D), and 'tis not your *épée* (E F) can make me *ôter* (O T)."

"The loud voice and insolent gesture of the officer had caused a little knot of the assembled guests to gather round; and this sally was received with roars of laughter. Boufflers, who never could resist pleasantry, seemed more diverted than any one present; and while the discomfited Royal Cravatte slunk among the company, unable to bear the mockery which the witty retort of the abbé had brought upon him, Boufflers shook him heartily by the hand, and applauded the jest with right good will.

"This is the very first *bon-mot* of the prince upon record; and although he expresses himself heartily ashamed of its perpetration, yet it was the means of establishing his reputation as a person not to be slighted,—one with whom it would be necessary to reckon before venturing on pleasantry. The story, of course, went round the *salon*, to the infinite delight of the *savans*, who were enchanted at witnessing the military insolence of the Royal Cravatte receive a check from a quarter whence it would have been so little expected."

How dearly the aged statesman loved these days of the old *régime*, and how little he felt with all the popular movements in which he played so distinguished a part, his frequent lamentations over the decay of the art of conversation, were a convincing proof. Here we have one of his complaints on the departure of what he so much delighted in:

"He, who has so little enthusiasm in his character, will sometimes grow quite enthusiastic when speaking of that time; and I have heard him exclaim, with melancholy pride, 'Could I, by forfeiting the memory of that brief space of light and glory, add thrice the number of years so spent to my existence now, I would not do it. I hold too dear even the privilege which I possess of exclaiming with Ovid, '*Vidi tantum*;' and often mourn those days in the very words of old Brantôme, 'Nothing is left of all that wit and gallantry, that vast expenditure (*folle dépense*) of bravery and chivalry. What good remains to me of all this pomp? None—save that I have seen it!'"

"The greatest of all the regrets expressed by the Prince is for the art of conversation, '*l'art de causer*,' which, he declares, never flourished in any country save France, and has been lost even there ever since the revolution. He himself is, perhaps, the only individual left to tell us in what that 'art' consisted."

We must give one more little sketch of these scenes of festivity and wit before passing on to personages of greater mark in the page of French and European history.

"At most of these literary meetings, therefore, no set repast was to be found; the refreshments provided were but scanty, and of the simplest kind. One single cup of coffee for each guest at Madame Suard's, one single glass of punch (sometimes prepared by Franklin, though) at Madame Helvétius's, formed the whole of the *menu*. Sobriety was considered indispensable to the clearness and steadiness of debate, and the intellect remained unthickened by eating and drinking. The Abbé Morellet alone had chosen to add music and feasting to the attraction of the conversation held at his house, and

had done so with success. But the *déjeuners* were exquisite, although slight. 'Eat a little and of little,' was the abbé's recommendation to his guests; and the music, that of Glück, was presided over by himself and executed by Mellico. The first representation of 'Orphée' took place at one of these *déjeuners*, the romance of which had such an effect on Rousseau, that he almost fainted on hearing it, declaring that 'It was music never to be heard at all, or listened to for ever.'

"There was but little jealousy at these different *réunions*; each came prepared to contribute to the general amusement, and to listen to the contributions of others. Every one was openly criticised and honestly applauded, according to his merit. The barren fecundity of Parny could find admirers, as well as the noble poetry of Delille. There was scarcely, indeed, a distinction of *coterie*, so nicely were the elements of this society blended. The only dissidence which existed was between Madame Geoffrin and the Abbé Morellet, in consequence of the preference of Jean Jacques Rousseau for the house of the latter. Madame Geoffrin had sought by every means in her power to conciliate the good-will and favour of Jean Jacques, but she was too fond of patronage. And to all her advances he had answered, in his surly language, 'that he hated both benefits and benefactors.'

"The well-known *mot piquant* of Madame Geoffrin upon the abbé's guests, which she declared were composed of '*trompeurs, trompés, trompettes*,' amply revenged her disappointment, but widened the breach between the rival camps."

The real opinion of Talleyrand with respect to the character of Louis Dixhuit will be curious in every one's eyes. He gave it to our author one day at Valençay during his hour of toilet. One morning the writer had been summoned to wait on the Prince in his dressing-room. With C. he was waiting the approach of the great man. The room was a light and cheerful apartment, the walls hung with portraits of Talleyrand's friends. Alexander the Autocrat and Mirabeau the democrat hung side by side; and Fiéron and Voltaire gazed at one another with the smirk denominated "the painter's smile." Among the many female portraits were Mad. de Genlis with her harp, Mad. de Staël with book and pencil, Mad. Roland, and Mad. de Lamballe, at full length, opposite to one another.

At this time the Prince was generally in a talking mood, and a shade less of a diplomatist than at any other of the twenty-four hours. On this occasion he made no secret of his intense dislike to Louis Dixhuit.

"Louis Dixhuit was the veriest liar that ever trode the earth," said the Prince. "His love of falsehood was so great, that those admitted to his intimacy had grown to dread the expression from his lips of any kindness, feeling sure that disgrace was nigh. He was the greatest hater I ever met with; cold and calculating in his vengeance, and meanly taunting in its gratification. I cannot describe to you my disappointment when I first beheld him in 1814, after the events which had changed him from a miserable exile into the sovereign of the greatest European country. He received me in the palace at Compiègne. I could judge the character of the man by the manner of his greeting. He was in the great gallery of the château, surrounded by his friends and many of the foreign diplomates—who were all eager and *empressé* in their congratulations—all full of hope and bright anticipations of the future. I may, without being suspected of *fatuité*, declare that a murmur of welcome ran through the assembly when my name was announced, and the king advanced a few steps to meet me with a warm and friendly welcome. He pressed my hand with great kindness; and drawing forward a chair which stood beside him, exclaimed, 'Prince de Benevent, be seated; and believe me, I do not forget that had it not been for your assistance in the late events, they might have turned in a different chance, and you might have said to me, 'Count de Lille, be seated.'

"The phrase appeared to me so artificial, so stiff and embarrassed, that I involuntarily looked his majesty full in the face for an explanation. By that single glance I could tell that I was not destined to remain a minister of Louis Dixhuit; and my anticipations proved true, although he knew well that had it not been for my exertions, he would not have regained his throne until much later—perhaps, indeed, never."

The dinner that followed this grand reception was of the true Bourbon type. Each guest had come primed with his *bon-mot*, or his politic suggestion. But all were doomed to disappointment. The monarch evidently looked upon the dinner-hour as the hour of dining, and nothing else. He ate, and ate, and ate, in profoundest silence. The courtiers ate all they needed, and then looked at one another.

"Not one single word had been spoken during the whole

of the first course. It would be impossible to describe the extraordinary effect of that silence, undisturbed save by the timid rattle of the knives and forks, and the hesitating steps of the servants. We gazed at each other with embarrassment. No one dared to speak even to his neighbour save in a whisper; when, just about the middle of the second course, an event occurred which served to arouse us from the stupor into which we had fallen. The king was about to help himself from the dish of spinach which had been handed to him by the servant, when the intention was suddenly arrested by a loud exclamation from the Duke de Duras, who, rising from his chair, and leaning forward with an earnest and stricken look, exclaimed, 'For the love of heaven, your majesty, touch not that spinach!' The king let fall the spoon, which was already half way towards his plate, and raised his eyes in alarm,—he was pale as death. There were few, indeed, at the table who did not change countenance at this unexpected exclamation. Suspicions of foul treason—of premeditated crime—immediately filled every eye; and we looked aghast towards the Duke for an explanation. Even I myself, although prepared by experience for every exaggeration of court flattery, could not resist the dread of some terrible disclosure.

"*Pourquoi pas?*" faltered out the king; his nasal twang rendered even more tremulous than usual by the terror under which he laboured.

"Oh, sire, I warn you—be advised by me; eat not of that spinach—it is drest with most villainous butter!"

"The etiquette of the royal table, of course, prevented the explosion of the roar of laughter with which the speech would have been greeted had it not been for the mighty presence; and even as it was, an irrepressible titter ran round the room. The king, however, did not laugh; the subject was of too much importance to be trifled with; he looked first at the Duc de Duras with an expression of doubt, then raised the dish to his nose, pushed it from him with a sigh, and, exclaiming, '*C'est pourtant vrai!*' sank back in his chair to brood upon his disappointment."

After dinner came digestion,—at least so thought the Majesty of France. Napoleon might be plotting in Elba; the French nation might be waiting in tip-toe expectation for some manifestation of the spirit which was to animate the restored dynasty; the courtiers and legislators might be hanging on the royal lips, and listening eagerly to catch his sentiments on the glorious event of his restoration. But in vain: dyspepsia must be guarded against *coûte qui coûte*; and the excitement of Paris must calm itself in patience.

"After a moment's consultation amongst ourselves," said Talleyrand, "we decided that it would be advisable to proceed at once to business, as many of us wished to return to Paris as soon as possible, to forward the measures concerning the public entrance of his majesty into the capital. I was spokesman upon the occasion, and ventured to suggest the propriety of at once opening the discussion at which we were all come prepared to be amicable wranglers. To our great surprise, his only answer was, '*Let us digest first*; we will speak of business another time.'"

Let us now turn to a scene of a different kind. It is, indeed, so marvellously strange, that we cannot get rid of the idea that the veteran statesman threw in not a little piquaney of his own, to please the taste of his admirer and devotee. In 1815, when the conquering sovereigns were in Paris, the enthusiast, or hypocritical exhibitionist, Madame de Krudener, was in her glory. Kings, princes, and statesmen crowded her *soirées*, and either believed somewhat of her pretensions, or made use of her follies to answer their own ends. Among the rest, Alexander of Russia waited on the words of the modern sibyl. Talleyrand thus told the story of one of the scenes in which the lady and the Czar played the prominent parts together:

"She was attired in a robe of her own invention, made of some kind of woollen stuff of the purest white, long, full, and flowing, with sleeves which reached to the very ground; the whole was edged with silver, and the robe was confined at the waist by a silver girdle. Her hair, which was still beautiful as ever, although not quite of so bright a golden hue as I remembered it, hung loose down her back and over her bosom, reaching to the waist in the most beautiful ringlets, which, whether the effect of nature or of art, were well calculated to enhance the expression of her inspired attitudes. There was exquisite coquetry in the manner in which, by a gentle movement, she shook the ringlets from her brow in order to clear her vision when any new visitor drew near; and in the peculiarly graceful motion with which she would draw her hand now and then across her eyes, as if to shade the light for an instant, during which the snowy fingers, laden with gems,

glistered through the drooping curls with an effect perfectly bewildering.

"She was reclining upon a low divan which ran along the wall, supported by cushions of crimson velvet, which set off her fair complexion and the dazzling whiteness of her dress to the greatest advantage. On one side stood the Emperor Alexander, attired in a suit of black, with no mark of his high rank save the glittering star of brilliants on his bosom. If he had come prepared to heighten the effect of Madame de Krudener's *tableau*, he could not have adopted a costume and bearing more in harmony with her intentions. On the other side, leaning backward in his chair, with the most perfect nonchalance imaginable, sat the King of Prussia *en personne*. Before I had recovered from the surprise which the latter discovery had occasioned, my hand was seized in a friendly grasp by my old friend and ally, Bergasse, who, together with a sombre, wild-looking individual, was seated on a low stool at the feet of the prophetess, both having, apparently, been occupied in transcribing the words which fell from her lips, for each was armed with a *calpin* and pencil-case.

"When I had paid my respects to the lady, I was about to retire, as I supposed was the etiquette for casual visitors; but I was destined to feel the advantage of possessing a 'friend at court,' for Bergasse drew me gently back, and led me to a seat in the corner of the room, where I remained an observer, unobserved, of all that was going on around me. Bergasse endeavoured for a moment to satisfy my curiosity by a few brief answers to my whispered questions; but he had no time to waste upon a poor uninitiated novice like myself, and he soon left me, and resumed his seat by the side of his necromantic-looking companion. However, from the few short words he had found time to utter, he informed me that I was in great good luck that evening, for Madame de Krudener was in one of her most ecstatic moods, and had already three times experienced the state of *extase*, and, while under this influence, had given utterance to some of the most powerful and most beautiful prophecies and denunciations, which himself and his friend had most righteously transcribed, word for word, and in the order of their utterance.

"'Who is your companion?' said I, pointing to the long thin figure in black which remained gathered up at the feet of the lady.

"'That is our new *illuminé*,' returned Bergasse, triumphantly. 'It is Jüing Stilling, who has left home, family, and friends, to follow our inspired mistress. I have attached myself to Madame de Krudener from admiration and conviction; he has done so from the sympathy of mystic science—the strongest of all ties. How I regret, my friend, that I began not life as I now am ending it, in communion with the lofty-minded, the inspired! How I grieve now over the time lost—the unambitious aims of my youth! Why come you not with us? In our existence is true happiness only to be found.'

"What further he would have added, I know not; for just then the dull sepulchral voice of Jüing Stilling called him by his name, and he slunk back to his side, leaving me to contemplate the scene before me.

"There was a moment of deadly silence after Bergasse had regained his seat. Madame de Krudener sat motionless, staring with fixed, unmeaning gaze upon the vacant space before her. The Emperor Alexander stood in passive expectation, not a muscle of his features disturbed; while the King of Prussia, who at that time never left his side, and never turned his gaze from the autocratical countenance, looked at it now with more intent and searching earnestness. Presently the seeress started from her dream, and slowly arose from the divan where she had been reclining. She waved her arm aloft, while yet her fixed gaze wavered not, and moved a step or two forward. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of her appearance at that moment. The long robe in which she was enveloped drooped in graceful folds about her person, and the loose sleeve fell back from the extended arm, and displayed its rounded form and snowy whiteness with most bewitching effect. She spoke—her voice was deep and solemn, and its accents fell with slow and measured cadence on the ear.

"'Let us pray,' said she; then paused; while I could hear from the rooms beyond, and which I had traversed on my entrance, that peculiar agitation and bustle which precedes the change of position in churches. 'Let us pray; all sinners that ye are, sink upon your knees, and beg forgiveness from the God of heaven!' exclaimed she, in a louder tone; and in a moment, while yet she stood with arms uplifted, and with her head thrown back, every person present, from Alexander, the autocrat of all the Russians, to the very waiters who had been handing the refreshments to the company, sank down upon their knees, and bowed their foreheads to the very ground. She herself knelt not, but remained standing, while she poured forth a prayer, spoken in earnest and burning language,—words of which I have not been able to recal a syllable to memory, so absorbed was I in contemplation of all that was

passing. I verily believe that of all that multitude—for I think there must have been at least five hundred persons present—there was not a soul, save myself, who had dared to remain seated; and with me it was neither mockery nor bravado which had caused me to disobey the injunction; but at the moment I was so taken by surprise, so absorbed with the novelty of the scene, that I was scarcely conscious of the impropriety of which I was guilty. To speak truth, I was busy comparing the circumstances now passing before me with those under which I had last beheld Madame de Krudener: Garat, the opera-singer, and Bernardin de St. Pierre were then her supporters. Sounds of mirth and festivity, the light *floriture* of Garat, the mildly caustic declamation of Bernardin, had given place to the solemn tones of the prophetess—the language of love and gallantry to the language of prayer.

"She continued for the space of at least an hour in a state of inspiration, never ceasing during all that time to hold on her discourse with the same unhesitating eloquence. She spoke of Alexander, 'the white angel of the north,' predicting for him and his descendants glory, happiness, and honour, unlimited sway from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same. Then did she revert to the black angel of the south, foretelling that he 'would escape from his second cage like a chained lion.'

"The prophecies were uttered with a self-confidence, an implicit belief, which I could not but admire; it was so well calculated to inspire the same feeling in others. The only drawback was the reflection that none of them had as yet come true.

"This state of *extase* lasted for some time after the prayer was ended, during which the whole assembly remained kneeling. I bent forward, and looked through the open door; not a single gesture of impatience, not a single wandering glance could I detect among the crowd. Every head was bent low. Some even kissed the very floor; and it really was a curious sight to behold those dainty ladies, those gaily-dressed courtiers, whose costume of white kerseymere knee-breeches and silk stockings was any thing but favourable to the kneeling posture, remain thus without a murmur, so long as it pleased the fair preacher to hold them in expectation that she would resume her discourse.

"The prayer was ended at length, and every one arose gently, without confusion and without noise, and sank again into their seats in silent meditation, which continued undisturbed by a single sound for several minutes. The prophetess had fallen back upon her ottoman, and her golden locks completely buried her face beneath their shadow. I would have given much to have been sure of the expression of her countenance; for once I became aware that her eye sought mine, and then I observed that she turned aside to avoid my scrutiny. Bergasse sprang to my side in delight and triumph. 'Is she not splendid?' inquired he, with a *naïveté* of tone and manner at which I was highly amused. 'You have heard her in her glory to-night,' he whispered in my ear, with an air of the greatest mystery, while his countenance changed from the expression of childish admiration, which it had worn when he had addressed me, to that of awe and wonder—'She has had a *pressentiment*, and is under its influence still.' He took my arm, and walked with me through the crowd into the adjoining room.

"As I left the sacred boudoir I beheld the 'white angel of the north' in busy conversation with the prophetess; and the unhappy King of Prussia bending forward, eager to catch the slightest syllable which fell from the lips of the speakers; but the effort was vain; his neck was too short, and his eye wandered from the one to the other with the restless, unquiet look of a person afflicted with deafness."

Is not this as pretty a story as ever reminiscent had to tell? Let us add Talleyrand's conclusion to the tale:

"It is certain that the game which Alexander deemed it worth his while to play was a deep one, for its object has not been discovered to this very day. I know, from the best authority, that for a long time he counterfeited entire obedience to her commands, fasted, prayed, and wept, beat his bosom, and tore his hair when she so ordered it—took the whole responsibility of the absurd and childish project of the Holy Alliance upon his own shoulders—and, in short, gave himself up to the guidance of one whom he feigned to consider as Heaven-inspired. And when the allied sovereigns—who had all, at first, been blinded by the tinsel of the framework of that famous treaty—turned round and laughed it to scorn, shamed by the blunt good sense of England, who had pronounced the document unintelligible, and refused to sign, Alexander—whether from misplaced *amour propre*, or from real conviction, still remains a mystery—would never consent to withdraw his signature. Whatever may be the merits of the conception of that mighty work, it certainly sprang from the brain of Madame de Krudener alone; but when complimented upon the

stupendous though 'unintelligible' design, it was her wont to reply with great modesty, while she flung back her ringlets and looked towards heaven, 'The Holy Alliance is the immediate work of God. It is He who has chosen me for his weak, uncertain instrument, and it is He who has inspired me with the idea of uniting the sovereigns of Europe in the holy bonds of brotherly love, for the good of the great human family under their charge.'

"The prince had moved towards the door even before his words were quite concluded, and, to my regret, he turned and bowed to us on the threshold, and then passed out. It was the hour for business, and he retired to his own study until the carriage was announced for his morning drive."

Can our readers put faith in the truth of *all* this? Did Talleyrand believe that the Autocrat actually fasted and prayed at the word of the drawing-room enchantress? If he did, we do not. Whether or no, however, it is but one of many romances detailed or alluded to in these Reminiscences; and, we think, will send such of our readers as love historical gossip, rather than the "dignity of history," to the volumes themselves for further entertainment.

Loss and Gain. London, Burns.

IF our readers knew how cordially we detest theological and controversial tales in general, they would give us credit for meaning no slight praise when we say, that this is one of the most entertaining, touching, instructive, and profound books we ever met with. We have laughed outright, again and again, over its pages; not because its subjects are ludicrous, or ludicrously treated, but from the very same feeling that has sometimes tickled us into explosions of mirth before a noble portrait by Raphael or Rubens. There are certain portraiture in the world of art, so inimitably life-like, and conveying to the eye an impression so wonderfully similar to that which is conveyed by the presence of the living original, in his or her most characteristic moods, that admiration alternates with a sense of something like the ridiculous.

Such is in simple honesty the effect of reading *Loss and Gain*. We seem to have seen its characters a hundred times before, and to have heard their conversations again and again. Yet it has no personalities, and every body that figures in its course is the type of a class, and not a mere individual. Before we had read a page, we were convinced that its author could be no other than —; and with this mysterious hint, all we have to add is, that we hope our readers will judge for themselves of the correctness of our criticism.

Palæographia Sacra Pictoria: being a series of Illustrations of the Ancient Versions of the Bible, copied from Illuminated MSS. executed between the fourth and sixteenth Centuries. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. &c. 4to. London, W. Smith.

ADMITTING that a taste for musty, dusty manuscripts, either natural or acquired, is possessed by comparatively few of our readers, we nevertheless have resolved to give a brief notice of the present work, because its subject is so curious, its illustrations so numerous and beautiful, and the research exhibited by the author so extensive, that it undoubtedly claims a very high place among the antiquarian publications of our age and country. The brilliantly coloured *fac-similes* which are given from almost all the celebrated early mss. of the Bible existing in Great Britain (and they are by no means few in number), together with many others of different languages, periods, and nations, render this volume a work of striking and unusual magnificence. The accurate representation of these precious relics of antiquity, which have survived the vicissitudes of a thousand years and upwards, and have come down to our times in a more or less perfect condition—thus carrying back, not indeed Christianity, but the inspired words of the Gospel to the authentic certainty which it possessed four or five centuries after it was written—this can hardly be contemplated with indifference even by those who have no knowledge of what is called "palæography," and no inclination for the study of biblical criticism. Though we hold the truths of Christianity, not only on the testimony of the Scriptures, but on the

voice and authority of the living Church; yet the text of the holy Bible is one of those points which cannot be considered in the same sense traditional; its purity can only be determined by the evidence of existing mss., and some knowledge of these is desirable for all who admit the infinite importance of bringing the words of Scripture as nearly as possible to their original state. Mr. Westwood, indeed, goes very much farther than this, and would make the very existence of orthodox Christianity contingent upon the accidental (or providential) preservation of early copies of the sacred text. "The great truths of our holy religion," he states in the first page of his Preface, "are so *entirely dependent* upon the purity of the received versions, and these equally so upon the genuineness and date of mss., that in this respect alone the present volume may claim some degree of interest, forming, as it does, a kind of new edition of the *Vindiciæ Canonicarum Scripturarum* of Blanchini, now more than a hundred years old, with this difference, namely, that the learned Father's object was to prove the correctness of the text of the Latin Vulgate, the version used by the Church to which he belonged; whereas mine has been to shew that in all ages versions of the Scriptures have been made into the mother-tongue of almost every nation."

Mr. Westwood has a theory which he holds in common with many others, and thinks he can strongly confirm by proofs derived from some of his mss. "The collation of these mss. has also furnished additional (though unlooked-for) evidence that the ancient Church in these islands was independent of Rome, and that it corresponded, on the contrary, with the Eastern Churches." (Preface, p. i.) A similar view (not that it is a new one) has still more recently been taken by a writer in the *Archæological Journal*,† on the very slight ground that the form of certain Cornwall crosses is Greek rather than Roman. Strange, that men should hazard such a stake as the Unity of the Church on the characteristics of a few initial letters, or fractured and half-obliterated stones!

The Preface contains a learned and well-digested summary of the principal points connected with the science of which it treats. An account of the ancient versions of the Bible is followed by an acute discrimination of the differences in style and date of letters and ornaments, with rules to determine the era of mss. which contain any of the detailed characteristics. Speaking of capital or initial letters, the author observes:

"It is, however, in Irish and Anglo-Saxon mss., written between the end of the seventh and tenth centuries, that we find the most extraordinary instances of these enlarged and ornamental capitals, several of which are represented in our plates. The delicacy and decision of the work in these gigantic letters, sometimes nearly a foot in height, are incredible; and the inventive skill displayed in the complicated flourishes, in which are generally intermixed the heads of strange lacertine animals, is both so singularly ingenious and elegant, that they far surpass in neatness, precision, and delicacy, all that is to be found in the ancient mss. executed by continental artists."—(Preface, p. xi.)

Interlacing is one of the most constant and remarkable features of Celtic device. Although not less frequent in Saxon and even Norman architecture, it is not properly Romanesque. In common with what are generally called Runic crosses, the mss. executed in this country, or by missionaries from it, before the Conquest, seldom fail to exhibit this as the *principle* of ornament. Mr. Westwood thinks that "the worship of ophidian reptiles [*vulgo*, snakes], of which the Egyptian Euphrates was the founder, circ. A.D. 180, might possibly have had some influence" in establishing this widely extended and almost universally occurring peculiarity. We think this is a correct view. Serpent-worship, however, is of much more remote antiquity, under some

* We must remark, that Mr. Westwood is in error in stating that Catholics hold the Vulgate to be "of divine authority, and more to be regarded than even the original and Greek texts." It is only the *standard authorised text*, for the sake of uniformity. Every scholar knows that the Latin language is often quite incapable of giving the exact sense of the Greek, and that the Vulgate in some cases shows a misconception of the original.

† Part xvi. p. 312, vol. iv. Assuming this fact, on the evidence of two or three stone crosses, the writer says: "In the war of extermination waged by the Saxons, after their conversion, at the instigation of St. Augustine (!), against the small remnant of the Eastern communion in Wales and Cornwall," &c.

form or other, doubtless from a tradition of the Fall; and that the interlacing and intertwining of sculptured or pictorial decorations came from the idea of serpents rather than of foliage, is obvious from the heads which are so commonly mixed up with them. With all their skill and ingenuity in ornament, "the art of miniature-painting had fallen, during the seventh and eighth centuries, to its lowest ebb; it is, indeed, impossible to imagine any thing more childish than the miniatures contained in the splendid Hibernian and Anglo-Saxon mss. of this period. Neither can it be said to have materially improved between the eighth and eleventh centuries, the drawing of the human figure being rude, and the extremities singularly and awkwardly attenuated, and the draperies fluttering in all directions."—(p. xiii.)

It is of the Irish mss., however, that we wish principally to speak, it being impossible to enter at length upon any other department of this extensive subject at present. Ireland contains a considerable number of very early copies of the Latin Gospels; and, what is extremely curious, they are almost all of them *after versions differing from the Vulgate*, as settled by St. Jerome in the fourth century, and shortly afterwards adopted in the Roman Church; and more resembling the *Vetus Italia*, though with important discrepancies even from this. But the preservation of some of these mss. up to the present day is the most singular part of the matter. It appears that, in certain Irish families, "cumdachs," or cases, resembling reliquaries, of silver or ornamented leather, the contents of which were long unknown, have been handed down as heirlooms from the remotest times.

"These cumdachs (says Mr. Westwood) have for centuries been regarded with superstitious reverence, until, in fact, the knowledge of their contents had become entirely lost. To open one of these cases was indeed considered an act of the greatest sacrilege, which would be certainly attended with evils of the direst nature. The prying curiosity of modern antiquaries has, however, overweighed the fear of unknown evils, and discovered in these cases copies of the Psalter or Gospels, accompanied in some cases by prayers for the visitation of the sick.

"Sir W. Betham gives in his 'Irish Antiquarian Researches' a very graphic account of the alarm which was occasioned by his desire to open the *caah*, one of these venerable relics, which was found to contain the *PSALTER OF ST. COLUMBA*. This inestimable ms., with its cumdach, is now, by the kind permission of Sir W. O'Donell, placed in the rich museum of the Royal Irish Library. The volume is of a moderate octavo size, written in small minuscule characters, with the words indistinct, with the first letter of each Psalm of a large size, but destitute of colours, and but slightly ornamented."

This *caah* had been handed down for ages in the O'Donell family, of which St. Columba (who was born in 521) was a member; and tradition, confirmed by historical testimonies, as well as by the style of the ms. itself, makes it highly probable that it actually belonged to that saint.

Another cumdach, "a renowned and superstitiously venerated reliquary," described in a very ancient life of St. Patrick as having been given by him to Mac Carthen, first Bishop of Clogher, was lately opened by that distinguished antiquary Mr. Petrie, and found to contain "a copy of the four Gospels in Latin, written in Irish uncial letters, used in the very ancient mss. still preserved in the Library of Trinity College (Dublin), and which, although agreeing in various respects with the Vulgate, possesses several readings which appear peculiar to itself. Dr. Todd considered, after a careful examination of it with the other ancient mss. at Dublin, that the contractions which it exhibits might have been in use in the fourth or fifth century; and in a subsequent article he states it to be 'probably as old as the fifth century.'"

The "Book of Dimma" is another copy of the Latin Gospels which was discovered enclosed in a cumdach. The writer's name is signed at the end, ✠ DIMMA MACC NATHI ✠. Now in the ancient life of St. Cronan, who died about the middle of the seventh century, it is distinctly recorded that he employed a scribe named Dimma to write a copy of the Gospels. And that this is that identical copy, is considered by the most competent judges to be unquestionable; the more so, because the cumdach was preserved till the dissolution of mon-

asteries in the abbey of Roscrea, of which St. Cronan was the founder.

Another copy of the Gospel of St. John, and a Missal according to the service of the early Irish Church, is still preserved, with its cumdach, in the library of the Duke of Buckingham at Stow. These "bear evident marks, from the style of the ornamental illuminations, of having been written about the same period as the Book of Armagh," a copy of the Gospels still existing in the Library of the University of Dublin, and written by Aidus, Bishop of Slepten, who died in 698. Mr. Westwood also states, that "the Missal of St. Columbanus was discovered at the monastery founded by him at Bobbio, a specimen of which is given by Mabillon and the Benedictines, and ascribed by them to the sixth or seventh century." This is now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan; and we need hardly observe, if these be really Missals, and not some of the more commonly occurring service-books, how extremely desirable is their publication in full; a task which the learned Mr. Maskell should endeavour to undertake, and thus complete his invaluable liturgical labours by supplying that *hiatus valde defensus* in the history of the Mass in Anglo-Saxon times.

The four Gospels in Latin, now in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, and commonly known by the name of the Gospels of Brith MacDurnan, are also very ancient, and in the Irish style of writing. They are supposed to have been sent as a present to King Athelstan, on his accession in 925, by Mac Durnan, who was Archbishop of Armagh, and were then probably valuable for their antiquity. This ms. is remarkable for a rude portrait of St. John, holding in his hand a pen made from the feather of a bird; the earliest instance of its use, by two centuries, that has been noticed in any pictured representation. This sort of pen is also seen in the magnificent copy of the Gospels known as the Book of Kells. Of this extraordinary ms. Mr. Westwood remarks:

"Ireland may justly be proud of the Book of Kells. This copy of the Gospels, traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, is unquestionably the most elaborately executed ms. of early art now in existence; far excelling, in the gigantic size of the letters in the frontispieces of the Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details, the number of its decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of initial capital letters, with which every page is ornamented, the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian library."

This ms. has a large and rather grotesque picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child; the former (which is remarkable) with the cruciform, or rather cruciferous, nimbus; the latter without any such appendage. Mr. Westwood, who commences his elaborate account of this ms. by stating that "many circumstances prove that for several centuries the ancient Christian Church of Ireland formed no integral portion of the Church of Rome," remarks upon "the interesting proof it affords of the veneration of the Virgin Mary in the early Irish Church."

The "Book of Kells" contains the remarkable passage, asserting the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, which has hitherto been considered unique in the very ancient "Vercelli Gospels." It is in St. John iii. 5, 6. "That which is born of flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is spirit; *for the spirit is God, and proceeds from God.*" The last words are not found in the published Greek text, nor in the Vulgate, and were long supposed not to occur in any existing copy of the Latin Gospels. They are thought to have been struck out by the Arians, on the supposition that they are the genuine words of holy writ. Mr. Westwood thinks there is no reason to doubt that this very ms. belonged to St. Columba in the middle of the sixth century.

Mr. Westwood contradicts himself, in respect of the above-mentioned theory, in the following passage:

"However it may please the national pride of the Irish [Protestants] to affirm that the Romans had no intercourse with Ireland, it seems unquestionable that their acquaintance with the only letters which they can be proved to have ever used, and their knowledge of the Christian religion, were contemporary, and were derived either immediately or indirectly from the Roman missionaries, who, in the earliest ages of Christianity, probably long before the mission of St. Patrick, diffused a knowledge of the latter through these islands."

Mr. Westwood also tells us that

"Rome at the end of six centuries had assumed a dominant character, and had by degrees introduced a series of discipline, practice, and doctrines, unknown in the first ages of the Church, and of which consequently the Irish were ignorant. Hence, whilst the Romish Church, in the sixth century, strenuously endeavoured to substitute the Vulgate translation of the Bible in lieu of the old Italic and Septuagint versions, almost every copy of the Gospels which, from the style of the writing, orthography, and caligraphy, may be known as having been written in Ireland, now in existence, appears either to be written in a version distinct from the Vulgate, or to have the Vulgate mixed with a preceding version, forming what is termed a mixed text."

Singular and interesting as this fact is, it only proves what is antecedently very probable, that the Vulgate did not immediately, and as it were authoritatively, supersede and exclude in distant provinces the use of the earlier versions.* Mr. Westwood himself mentions one Irish ms. of the sixth century, which contains the Gospels in the Vulgate.

We must now very briefly mention the principal mss. of the same early date described and enumerated by Mr. Westwood in addition to the above.

The Gospels of Lindisfarne, known to have been written at the close of the seventh century. Another copy of the version older than St. Jerome, in Trinity College Library, Dublin, of the sixth century. The Gospels of St. Chad, preserved in Lichfield Cathedral, and supposed to be of the sixth century. This ms. contains several entries in the *ancient British tongue*, the oldest specimen of Welsh, by some centuries, which has come down to us. Of the Anglo-Saxon school, we have a fac-simile of the gorgeous "purple Gospels" in the British Museum. This celebrated ms. is referred by some to the eighth, by others to the seventh century; but Mr. Westwood, who, we think, inclines to assign early rather than late dates to disputed mss., considers it to have been executed in England in the time of St. Augustine, as it accords with a description of a Gregorian Bible in the Library of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, given by a monk of that abbey in the time of Henry V. The Gospel of St. Augustine, preserved in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is one of the "*codices multi*" which were given by St. Gregory to the missionary. This contains some paintings of extraordinary interest, as being in all probability among the very oldest specimens which have come down to us in mss. "From the character of the writing, and the indistinctness of the words, this ms. may be assigned to the fifth or sixth century at the latest." Another copy of about the same age, but without miniatures, is preserved in the Bodleian Library, and is also thought to be one of those which belonged to St. Augustine. A third, of very remote date, was found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert at Durham, in 1104. Mr. Westwood mentions three other mss. which have been discovered in ancient tombs, and are still preserved. The Latin Gospels of King Canute, in the British Museum, written about 1000, and the Alcuin Bible, in the same repository, of the eighth or ninth century, are magnificent volumes, of which illuminated fac-similes are given in the present work. "The Gospels of Mac Regol" (who is recorded in the ancient Irish annals to have been a scribe, and to have died in 820) contains the version known as the *Vetus Itala*, with an interlinear Anglo-Saxon gloss, and is apparently of the Irish school of art. It is preserved in the Bodleian Library.

Mr. Westwood gives a list, with descriptions and illustrations, of the various copies which still exist of Anglo-Saxon Gospels. The fact that the interlineary gloss, in the early Northumbrian dialect, of the Lindisfarne ms. has readings differing from both the Greek and Latin texts, is seized upon by this gentleman "as a collateral proof of the independence of the Anglo-Saxon Church." It is difficult to see the force of such a proof, especially in the face of history. What it does prove is, that a gloss composed from the *Vetus Itala*, or one of the Ante-Hieronymian versions, was inserted (probably at a later age) in the Latin text of this ms.,

* In fact, the use of the Vulgate did not become general till the seventh century.

which is according to the Vulgate. The author speaks of the present copy as "the most elaborately ornamented of all the Anglo-Saxon mss." It is known to have been written at Lindisfarne about the end of the seventh century.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the Psalters, of which several remain, written in Latin and interlined with an Anglo-Saxon gloss. The principal of these is the Psalter of St. Augustine, in the British Museum, part of which is extremely ancient, in the Roman character of the fifth or sixth century. The gloss to this ms., like the Gospels of Lindisfarne, is in the early Northumbrian dialect. Another Psalter, in St. John's College Library, Cambridge, probably written about the year 800, contains a most extraordinary painting of the crucifixion, in which the figure of the Saviour has drapery *interlaced* in the serpentine manner, and of truly barbaric design. "This drawing," says Mr. Westwood, "is worthy of particular notice, as it is unquestionably the most ancient specimen of Irish pictorial composition which has hitherto been given to the public, or indeed, as far as I can learn, which exists in this country."

On the whole, this is one of the most interesting books we ever perused.

A Plea for Peasant Proprietors; with Outlines of a Plan for their Establishment in Ireland. By W. T. Thornton, Author of "Over-Population and its Remedy." London, Murray.

FARMERS and country-gentlemen often say that people who are not practically versed in all the mysteries of stock, breeding, country-markets, and successions of crops, have no business to express an opinion about large and small farms, or the reclamation of waste lands, or any such bucolic and georgic topics. Nevertheless, we shall venture a word or two on the subjects handled in Mr. Thornton's book, with a due sense of our own incompetency to manage either a vast farm of a thousand acres, or a little holding of eight or ten. There are two or three facts in connexion with the bearings of these important matters upon Irish affairs, in which we humbly conceive that common sense will go a great way; or at any rate, in which common sense has an undoubted right to propound one or two questions, and demand a satisfactory answer.

The first fact is, that in Ireland there exists an enormous mass of land utterly waste, but of which an immense quantity could be rendered productive by a certain moderate outlay.

The second fact is, that Ireland is fearfully overpopulated—even to death. We do not mean, that the island has more inhabitants than it ought to have, in the abstract; but that the number of mouths frightfully outruns the quantity of food which the land produces, or which the people have the means of retaining for their own support.

The third fact is, that while theorists demonstrate to a dead certainty that small farmers must inevitably be nearly ruined, or at least that without large capital land cannot be thoroughly and productively worked; as a matter of fact, the peasant who rents a few roods of ground in England will invariably give fifty per cent more hard cash to the landlord than his rich farming neighbour who leases or takes a hundred, three hundred, or five hundred acres.

From these facts, every looker-on who desires the redemption of Ireland from her miseries has a right to demand that something should be deduced, and something done. While Ireland contains more than six millions of acres of waste land, of which nearly four millions are admitted to be capable of improvement; while she groans from north to south with the horrible sufferings of her helpless peasantry; while there is not a parish in England in which the cottage allotment system has been judiciously tried and not yielded an ample return of good rent to the landlord; we cannot conceive on what grounds they who, in a measure, hold in their hands the destinies of the nation, should abstain from straining every nerve to draw forth from this source some degree of remedy for the myriads who starve and die around us. That it is actually impracticable to do

any thing with these boundless wastes, we cannot for a moment believe. If a Swiss or a Chinese can cultivate every inch of soil within the utmost stretch of human reach, it seems monstrous to suppose that the British legislature can do nothing to set the hardy sinews of the Irish labourer to work to reclaim the desolate bogs and deserts of the green isle.

To all who feel an interest in this great question, we recommend Mr. Thornton's interesting work. As he says himself, he is an ardent advocate for the admixture of peasant proprietors in every agricultural country, and for a vigorous application of the principle in the cultivation of the wastes of Ireland. His pages contain many important facts and statements, with views of the working of the system in various other parts of the world. We shall give one or two passages, which will shew something of Mr. Thornton's general ideas of the origin of Ireland's agricultural miseries, and the scheme he proposes to aid in their cure. The following is a sketch of the historical progress of her sufferings :

"From the earliest times, Ireland has been noted for the excellence of its pastures. Its level surface, overspread with the most luxuriant herbage, presented a wide field over which the cattle of the first settlers might freely range, and multiply at an exceedingly rapid rate. Their owners became proportionably wealthy; but the possession of great wealth by individuals implies a corresponding disparity of ranks in the community. The authority of the leader of a tribe may have depended on his personal character, or on accidental circumstances; but whatever may have been the political position of the chief with respect to his fellow-herdsmen, the latter, no doubt, exercised almost unlimited power over their servants and dependents. It is, indeed, a recorded fact, that these retainers did, after a while, degenerate into absolute bondsmen, who were attached to the manor on which they dwelt, and, under the name of 'betages,' were as completely at the disposal of their lords as the serfs of continental Europe. The pastoral occupation of the primitive Irish was not laid aside as soon as they had divided their new country amongst them, and had stationed themselves on particular spots, but continued to be practised by their descendants for many generations. The principal obstacle to change was, probably, at first, the nature of the climate, which, Mela says, was as unsuitable for grain as it was favourable to the growth of grass; and this was, perhaps, the sole reason why, so late as the twelfth century, the people could still be represented as despising husbandry, and as not having laid aside their ancient pastoral mode of life.

"When greater intercourse sprang up between them and more civilised nations, they would have been taught the advantage of cultivating the soil; but, unfortunately, in the long period of anarchy which succeeded to the conquest by Henry the Second, the incessant warfare between the English colonists and the natives acted as an effectual bar to agriculture; for both parties thought it wiser to keep their property in the shape of flocks and herds, which could easily be removed to a place of refuge, than in corn-stacks or standing crops, which must have been left to the mercy of a successful invader. Cattle thus continued to be the principal produce of the country; so much so, indeed, that they were often used as a medium of exchange, and that, even in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Book of Ballymote is said to have been purchased for 140 milch cows. More than a hundred years later, we find the poet Spenser lamenting that 'all men fell to pasturage and none to husbandry,' and recommending that an ordinance should be made to compel every one who kept twenty kine to keep one plough going likewise. It is not likely that agriculture made much progress during the reigns of Elizabeth and of the first two Stuarts, and during the Protectorate, a period marked by the rebellion of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, the massacre of the Protestants at the instigation of Roger Moore, the equally bloody invasion of Cromwell, and the confiscation of five-sixths of the island; and, if it did, it must have been thrown back as much as ever after the Revolution of 1688, when a twelfth of the land again changed masters; and in the reign of Queen Anne, when a series of penal acts was directed against the Roman Catholics. These atrocious laws, amongst other monstrous provisions, forbade papists to purchase lands, or to hold them by lease for more than thirty-one years, or to derive from leasehold property a profit greater than one-third of the rent. The great majority of the people being Roman Catholics, were thus, in effect, restrained from the practice of agriculture; and the proprietors of estates had really no option but to let them to the few capitalists who could legally compete for them, and who could not, of course, properly superintend the management of the immense tracts which fell into their hands, except by keeping them almost entirely under grass. So general and so prolonged was the neglect of tillage, that, in the year 1727, a law was made to

compel every occupier of 100 acres to cultivate at least five acres; but the injunction seems to have been little regarded, and, until about forty years later, little additional land was brought under the plough.

"From the earliest times, then, until late in the last century, Ireland was almost entirely a grazing country. Now it is true that in pastoral communities which have little commercial intercourse with more civilised nations, every class of persons is commonly sufficiently supplied with the necessaries of life. In such circumstances, a rich herdsman has literally no means of getting rid of his superfluous wealth, except by maintaining a large retinue of servants; and he is naturally liberal enough of the milk, cheese, flesh, hides, and wool, which would be wasted if he did not give them away. But Ireland, from a very remote period, has carried on a considerable export-trade, and the owners of the soil have always possessed in foreign countries a market for their surplus produce. It was, therefore, the interest of the primitive Irish herdsmen to restrain the consumption of their servants, and to confine it within the narrowest possible bounds. When the servants became serfs, they were not, according to the custom in more agricultural countries, provided with portions of land to cultivate for their own support; for the estates of their lords, however extensive, could scarcely be too extensive for pasturage. They lived on such fare as their masters chose to provide, went half-naked, and slept under trees, or the scarcely better shelter of branches cemented together with mud. When they became enfranchised, they gained nothing but personal freedom. Their condition in most other respects remained unchanged. Froissart describes them as living in forests in huts made of boughs, like wild beasts. There was so little demand for labour, that most were still glad to serve for a bare subsistence; and the few who were permitted to be tenants of land obtained little more from their farms. 'Irish landlords,' says Spenser, 'do not use to set out their lands in farm, or for terms of years, but only from year to year, and some during pleasure; neither, indeed, will the Irish husbandman otherwise take his land than so long as he lists himself. The reason hereof is, that the landlords used most shamefully to rack their tenants, laying upon them coigns and livery at pleasure, and exacting of them besides his covenants what he pleaseth.' Spenser goes on to speak of the farmhouses, which he calls 'rather swine-styes than houses;' and of the farmer's 'bestial manner of life, and savage condition, lying and living together with his beasts in one house, in one room, in one bed, that is, clean straw, or rather a foul dunghill.' Matters were not at all mended in 1672, when Sir William Petty made his survey, and estimated that out of 200,000 houses then existing in Ireland, 160,000 were 'wretched, nasty cabins, without chimney, window, or door-shut, even worse than those of the savage Americans.'

"From these premises it may be inferred that the present misery of the Irish peasantry is of no recent origin, but has been from time immemorial an heirloom in the race."

After shewing the present state of the population, their means of support, and the impossibility of finding any other mode for feeding them, Mr. Thornton turns to the waste lands. He is himself a Protestant, but he does justice to the devotion of the vast majority of the Catholic clergy to the cause of order and loyalty, scouting the very notion that they are a banded body of seditious men. He declares that where the materials of spontaneous combustion exist in such abundance, no torch is needed to kindle them. The flames burst forth freely without any extraneous aid. The outrages by which life and property are endangered in Ireland result naturally from the wretchedness and desperation of her children. The law is disobeyed, because to the multitudes who have nothing to lose it affords no protection, while it withholds every thing they covet. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and they who cannot keep their lives by any other means will fight for them. To an Irish cottar a writ of ejectment is equivalent to a sentence of starvation, and he not unnaturally endeavours to retain possession of his land by sending a bullet through the head of every competitor. It is the fear of destitution that goads him on to crime. In such a temper he is doubtless more easily led away by factious demagogues, and more morbidly alive to national insults; but, independently of such additional excitement, he finds in his own reflections but too many stimulants to aggression and assassination. As, then, the lawlessness of Ireland does not originate in priestly instigation, so neither could it be repressed by priestly authority. Such are Mr. Thornton's views of the actual condition of the peasant mind of Ireland at this moment. We now give his exposition of the

utility and practicability of a plan for the cultivation of her almost illimitable waste.

"Of such lands Ireland contains 6,290,000 acres, of which 2,535,000 are said not to be worth the cost of improvement; but 1,425,000 acres are acknowledged to be improvable for tillage, and the remaining 2,330,000 for pasture. These wastes are scattered over the whole island; but it fortunately happens that they are most extensive in those counties in which there is the largest amount of destitution. In Mayo, for example, there are 170,000 acres of waste land fit for cultivation; in Galway, 160,000; in Donegal, 150,000; in Kerry, the same number; and in Cork, 100,000; while in all Ulster, exclusive of Donegal, there are only 269,000; and in the whole province of Leinster, only 186,000. Altogether there are 1,425,000 acres classed as arable; and these, with the addition of 175,000 acres of land which, though represented as only fit for pasture, is really, as shall be presently shewn, well deserving of tillage,—would suffice for 200,000 allotments of eight acres each.

"The waste land of the best quality is, however, far from being fit for immediate cultivation. Some of it may only require to be pared, burnt, and limed; but much is bog or moor, which requires to be thoroughly drained, and to have the sub-soil mixed with the surface-mould and with lime; but these, and all other preliminary operations, might be performed at very little expense by the persons for whose ultimate benefit they were designed. The proposed grantees are at present without employment; and unless some such measure as that under consideration be adopted, without any prospect of it. They are now, and they must continue for an indefinite period, to be supported at the public expense; and it would be much cheaper to keep them usefully engaged than to maintain them in idleness. It would, therefore, be good economy to take them forthwith into pay, and to employ them in draining and sub-soiling the wastes selected for reclamation. After the completion of these preparatory operations, the next step would be to mark off districts suitable for the settlement of collections of families, which would vary in size according as the colonies were intended to constitute separate village-communities, or to be united to communities previously existing. Each district should be divided into lots corresponding in number to the number of settlers; and the latter should be further required to construct a cottage, according to an approved plan, on every lot. Every family should then be placed in possession of one of the cottage-farms, and be made perpetual lessee, at a fixed rent, and on certain other conditions, which will be more particularly described hereafter; and having been furnished with tools and some farming-stock, should be instructed that, after the next harvest, they would have to provide for their support by their own industry.

"Before we proceed to inquire what farther measure would be necessary to ensure the success of this great social experiment, one or two apparent objections to it must be answered. One, which will occur to most minds, is the enormous expense which would be required. To maintain two hundred thousand families for many months, to purchase land for their occupation, and to supply them with materials for building, and with farming implements and stock, would certainly cost an immense sum. But the cost of an undertaking, however great, would not justify its rejection, provided its advantages could be shewn to be commensurate, more especially if, as in the present instance, great part of the expenditure were inevitable in any circumstances; and if the further outlay were calculated to prevent the recurrence of demands which would otherwise be perpetual. Two hundred thousand destitute families must be fed at the public expense, whether they be set to work or be suffered to remain idle, and must continue to be so fed until they are placed in a position to provide for themselves. The present cost of maintaining them is an annual tax, which must be levied until redeemed; and exemption from it would be cheaply purchased at many times its amount. At how low a price its removal might be effected in the mode indicated above, will appear from an examination of the various items of expense.

"It would be necessary, in the first place, to buy up the proprietary rights possessed by private persons over the waste lands required. Of the perfect competence of the Legislature to enforce the sale of such rights, there can be no question. An authority which compels individuals to part with their most valued property on the slightest pretext of public convenience, and which permits railway-projectors to throw down manor-houses, and to cut up favourite pleasure-grounds, need not scruple to insist upon the sale of boggy meadows, or upland pastures, with the view of curing the destitution and misery of an entire people. But upon this point it is the less necessary to dwell, as the right of Parliament to dispose of the wastes has been asserted in the most explicit terms by the first Minister of the Crown. The compensation to be made to the proprietors would depend on the present produce of the land. The average

value of this cannot at present exceed two shillings an acre, so that two pounds an acre, equal to twenty years purchase, would be a very liberal payment for the fee-simple. The expense of thorough drainage would scarcely reach 4*l.* an acre, and that of sub-soiling would not exceed 30*s.* A cottage, with its appurtenances, suitable to a farm of eight acres, might be built for 40*l.*; and the farmer, on entering, might manage to get on without an advance of more than 20*l.* The whole outlay may, therefore, be stated as follows:—

Purchase of 1,600,000 acres, at 2 <i>l.</i> per acre . . .	£3,200,000
Expense of drainage and sub-soiling, at 5 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> . . .	8,800,000
Construction of 200,000 cottages, at 40 <i>l.</i> each . . .	8,000,000
Advances to 200,000 cottiers of 20 <i>l.</i> each . . .	4,000,000

£24,000,000

From which must be deducted the cost of maintaining 200,000 families, or 1,000,000 individuals, for the two years during which the operations might be expected to last. This, at 5*l.* per head, would be 5,000,000*l.* annually, or for two years, 10,000,000*l.*; which, subtracted from 24,000,000*l.*, would leave 14,000,000*l.* At this low price, less than three years' purchase, the public would be relieved from the necessity of an annual payment of 5,000,000*l.* The operation, viewed merely as a financial feat, would establish the reputation of the minister by whom it was achieved. The transfer to the waste lands of the destitute portion of the Irish peasantry has here been treated as the only feasible scheme for placing them in a satisfactory position, public works of other descriptions, as well as emigration, having been previously examined, and rejected as incapable of effecting the grand object. Otherwise the reader might be reminded that, according to the estimates of Mr. Godley, the transport to Canada of 200,000 families would occasion a certain loss of 6,000,000*l.*, and a possible loss of a still larger sum; and that not many months ago one hundred and eighteen members of the House of Commons were ready to vote sixteen millions sterling for the prosecution of a railway project, which at best could only be expected to improve the condition of the people by preparing the way for measures calculated to benefit them more directly. Besides, the expenditure on the waste lands is not to be regarded as money irrecoverably sunk, but rather as a loan to the settlers, who should be required to pay interest upon it. Five per cent upon fourteen millions sterling, payable by 1,600,000 acres, would be something less than nine shillings an acre, a very moderate rent to be paid by the perpetual lessee of a farm, with a substantial dwelling upon it."

These are somewhat lengthy extracts, and the bare sight of figures and statistics at once appals the indolent reader. But at this moment the subject presses upon us with such a terrible force; and if Ireland be not pacificated, and placed in the road to prosperity, before the nation is overwhelmed with a host of continental troubles, and embroiled with the masses of the *English* and *Scottish* poor, it is so certain that we may never ride through the storm which will burst upon the vessel of the state, that we do not scruple to urge every man who has the power to aid in the matter, to give his serious attention to this plan, which is at least as *apparently* practicable as any others we hear of, and which numbers among its advocates intelligent men of all ranks and sentiments.

Short Notices.

PAMPHLETS, magazines, and new editions with important additions or changes, collect so rapidly, that we lose no time in referring to some ten or a dozen now before us.

Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine.

THIS is a publication now in its second year, to which, to say the least, we cordially wish success. It is in very good hands; is varied in its contents, not without a considerable degree of learning, and characterised by an excellent spirit of forbearance and charity, even to those from whom it most pointedly differs. The price is moderate, and we have no hesitation in saying that it deserves support, not only from its own merits, but from the beneficial and enlightening influence it is calculated to exercise in the sister island.

Auricular Confession: Kappa to Delta.

HERE is another brochure, to which we must award the same testimony of intelligence and good feeling, though disagreeing in *toto* from its conclusions.

The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism.

By the Rev. T. W. Allies. Second Edition, enlarged. MR. ALLIES' book has swelled to double its former size with rapid speed. Few controversialists write with the same good temper and sincerity as the author of this volume. He will not,

therefore, be either surprised or irritated, if we say that he appears to be still very far from comprehending either his own theory, or that of Mr. Thompson's *Unity of the Episcopate*, which was written in reply to his first edition.

A Letter to Sir William Denison. By Benjamin Boyd, Esq.

THE object of this letter is to advocate the expediency of transferring the unemployed labour of the colony of Van Diemen's Land to New South Wales. It is difficult for any one, not personally acquainted with the working of the Australian colonies, to form any positive opinion on such a topic. Mr. Boyd certainly makes out a *prima facie* case for his view.

Diplomatic Relations with Rome; in a Letter from Lord Shrewsbury to Lord Arundel and Surrey. London, Dolman.

LORD SHREWSBURY earnestly advocates the bill that has just passed the House of Lords, and shews the absurdity and impropriety of Lord Eglintoun's restrictive clause. We entirely differ, however, from Lord Shrewsbury in his belief that the existence of diplomatic relations would have ensured the Pope's sanction of the Godless Colleges; so far from it, we have little doubt that His Holiness would so urgently have remonstrated with the English Government, that they would not have ventured even to propose that obnoxious measure.

A Sermon for the Aged Poor Society of London.

By the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman.

AN eloquent and affectionate appeal on behalf of one of the best benevolent associations of the metropolis.

Traité de la Perfection Chrétienne, du R. P. Alphonse Rodriguez. Edition revue et adaptée à l'usage des personnes du monde. Par M. L'Abbé Cruice. Paris, Plon, Frères; London, Burns.

AN adaptation of the celebrated work of Rodriguez to the purposes of the general Christian reader, by the omission of all such passages as relate exclusively to the circumstances of ecclesiastics and members of religious orders. The name of the editor is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the edition.

Observations on Diplomatic Relations with Rome. By the Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

EVEN those who disagree the most with Lord Arundel, must be conciliated by his singleness of purpose and temperance of language. As we ourselves agree in the view he takes on the question handled in this pamphlet, we have only to recommend it cordially to our readers.

Ecclesiastical Register.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION IN FRANCE AT THE PRESENT CRISIS.

THE power which religion has gained over the hearts of the French people since the Revolution of 1830 is one of the most striking features in the astonishing events which have startled Europe during the past fortnight. In the first of the three Revolutions religion was abhorred, and its ministers among the first of the victims to the popular madness; in the second, the fury was in a degree restrained, but the dislike of the people was only too apparent; in the third, there does not seem to be a thought (except in one or two places in the provinces) of injuring the clergy; on the contrary, they receive demonstrations of a cordial respect, and no man ventures to say a word against the religion of Jesus Christ.

Both private and public letters speak in the same strain. A very large number of the wounded in the hospitals have received the blessed Sacrament. The Archbishop himself went in procession, with the cross borne before him, to visit them, and to give the Viaticum to the dying; and one priest writes that he has had more hats taken off to him in two days, than in all the previous two years. In a house belonging to the clergy, in the *Rue des Postes*, some large apartments had been offered for conducting some of the affairs of the National Guard; and relays of five and twenty were stationed there for two or three days; and the whole body assisted at a mass which was celebrated in the chapel adjoining their watch-room. On leaving the house, they testified the highest respect for the welcome they had received from its owners.

We gave last week a brief account of the impression produced by the first of Lacordaire's *Conferences* for the present year; we can now give a more extended, but not less interesting sketch of the discourse itself. The Archbishop, with the Vicars-General and Chapter of Notre-Dame, was present; and, notwithstanding a most stormy day, and the excitement without, the cathedral was crowded with a deeply attentive congregation. All was as calm as if no Revolution had just taken place. The illustrious Dominican, visibly moved and impressed with all that had passed, commenced by reading the circular with which the Archbishop had invited the parochial clergy to celebrate a solemn service for the repose of the souls of the

slain, and had enjoined the use of the formula, "*Domine, sal-
vum fac Rempublicam*," instead of the former, "*Domine, sal-
vum fac Regem*;" he then added that a second circular, conformably to the decision of the Provisional Government, desired that the prayer should stand as "*Domine, sal-
vum fac Populum*."

Then, after a rapid analysis of his former *Conferences*, the preacher said, that having established the divine authority of the Church, and of its supreme Founder, during the past year, he was now about to shew the superiority of the Catholic doctrine to all others, as the conclusion of his course of lectures in Notre Dame. Four means are given to men for ascertaining truth, and the claims of any doctrine: 1. nature; 2. reason; 3. conscience; 4. society. That doctrine which is in accordance with the constituent elements of man's nature and of society, is the only true doctrine. Seek, then, through the world, any teaching which adapts itself to these elements as does the Catholic doctrine. It is an evident, undeniable fact, that the Church alone teaches the true origin of things. Modern pantheism, which is but a reproduction of the old pantheism of pagan idolatry, may be viewed as gathering together in itself every thing that is most in dogmatic opposition to the Catholic faith. Compare, therefore, the teaching of pantheism with the Catholic doctrine, in relation to nature, reason, conscience, and society, and you will see, without a doubt, that there can be no hesitation between the monstrous notions of pantheism, and the Catholic faith. Pantheism can never be the doctrine of the people, for it is the result of abstract combinations, and of the haughty solitary meditations of the learned; it is not the creed of the man of the people—that is, of him who consults and obeys with spontaneous simplicity either his nature, his reason, his conscience, or his social instincts.

The great Dominican electrified his audience again and again, especially when he hailed with enthusiasm the triumph of the Catholic faith in those energetic souls of the Parisian people, who, in the excitement of their victory, carried to the Church of St. Roch, with the most respectful homage, the image of Jesus Christ and the sacred vessels found in the Tuileries. This animated passage aroused a general bursting forth of applause and of clapping of hands, which the orator at once stopped with these words: "Let us not applaud the word of God! let us listen to it with reverence, and seek to practise it; this is the sole applause which is worthy of our divine Master." Throughout the whole Conference, Lacordaire was most happily inspired, and developed with singular power and eloquence its leading idea, that the existence of God will ever be a truth which commands the homage of the people, whatever be their errors and passions. "What then?" cried he, in conclusion; "for myself, a priest of Jesus Christ, I shall ever be united with the people, that is, with the whole human race. Pantheism is the proud grain of sand which would oppose itself to the ocean; while the ocean passes over it, in its majestic movements, without having even perceived the grain of sand." He ended by thanking the Archbishop for his circular, which testified to the sympathy of the prelate for the popular cause; and, in the name of all the Catholics of France, he addressed a prayer to Almighty God, in thanksgiving for his merciful and providential work in their capital. "Providence has just spoken," said he, "and we are delivered from the perils and waves of another red sea, which threatened to engulf us." The Archbishop and clergy then made a collection for the wounded in the late events.

It was expected that the whole series of *Conferences* would be published in the *Univers*, as they were delivered, and corrected by Lacordaire himself; but he has written to that journal to say that he must postpone their publication for some few months.

On the 3d instant, when the Archbishop of Paris was returning to his house about six o'clock in the evening, he found the door surrounded by a considerable number of National Guards. He approached them, and said, "Gentlemen, of what service can I be to you?" On this, one of them stepped forward, and said, "Monseigneur, here is the first flag which has been given to the Movable National Guard of Paris; we come to beg you to bless it." "With all my heart, my good friends," said the Archbishop; "I bless the flag, and I bless you all." A large number of the journeyman-printers of Paris have requested one of the Parisian clergy to offer on their behalf a mass of thanksgiving for the late events; and assisted at its celebration with every mark of devotion and earnestness.

At Boulogne, the populace have actually been varying the *Marseillaise* with the hymn which children sing before their catechising, "*Esprit Saint, viens en nous*;" "Holy Spirit, come upon us." At Troyes, the people, preceded by drums and flags, went into the court of the Bishop's palace. The Bishop presented himself, and was cordially welcomed. "My children," said he, "I associate myself with every thing that may be happy and favourable for the people." He was answered with loud acclamations—"Long live the Bishop, long live the Bishop!" One of the crowd asked him whether he would have the bells rung. "Yes," said he, "my children,

they shall be rung at five o'clock." The crowd then went away with repeated expressions of respect.

At Lyons, unhappily, a crowd of ill-disposed reprobates have attacked and damaged, and we fear destroyed, the establishment of the Christian brothers, and some convents of nuns.

POPULAR FEELING TOWARDS THE POPE IN THE UNITED STATES.

On the 29th of last November, a very large meeting of all classes in New York agreed to present an address of respect and sympathy to the Holy Father. The example has just been followed at Philadelphia. A vast assemblage has offered its tribute of admiration to Pius, characterised not only by the most earnest veneration, but by a perfect moderation of tone and principle. The address says not a word to call the Italian nations to arms; but points out strikingly the fact, that all the revolutions in Europe until now have served only to destroy the old powers, without really giving any thing to the people; and it concludes as follows. We recommend the title given to the Pope by these American Protestants to the notice of our British legislators at home.

"Holy Father, we are the recognised sovereigns of a vast portion of this hemisphere; proud in our rights, jealous of our national honour, and prompt to avenge every insult to our country, even with the arm of flesh, according to the custom of the world. We bend not the knee before any mortal crowned head, so far as it is that of a king. But to you, Holy Father, we send our humble and affectionate respects, our fervent approbation, our cordial sympathy; not because you are a temporal prince, not because you are the spiritual head of the Catholic world; but because, placed in this high position, you display a power and a will to employ the powerful influence which Heaven has given you, to accomplish, by the arms of peace and justice, the political regeneration of your native country.

"May the Almighty grant you length of life, strength of heart, and wisdom from on high, in order to bring to a happy end the beneficent reforms which you have commenced! May He inspire the people and princes of Italy with the courage and moderation which are necessary to second your efforts. May He raise up successors to you, who may continue to spread the influence of peace and justice upon the earth; and may the time come when the humblest of the poor of God, if he is oppressed, may be able to summon the most powerful of his oppressors to appear at the bar of united Christendom; and the nations may sit in judgment upon his cause, and the oppressor, blushing with shame, shall be forced by their unanimous and indignant voices, to render justice to his oppressed people."

THE ALDERNEY MISSION.

The present spiritual condition of the island of Alderney is such, that a brief sketch of its state will be found extremely interesting to many of our readers.

The pastor who has undertaken to attempt the revival of religion among its inhabitants was ordained a twelvemonth ago, and was immediately sent to Guernsey, by the late Dr. Griffiths. He had not been long in the island when he understood that many Catholics were to be found in the neighbouring island of Alderney, and that they were left in the most complete spiritual destitution. He informed Dr. Griffiths of his desire to visit them, and the Bishop immediately gave him all necessary powers, and earnestly encouraged him to devote himself to so forsaken a mission. He visited the island (twenty-one miles from Guernsey, and nine from the French coast) for the first time in July last, carrying with him, in a bag, altar-stone, vestments, chalice, and every thing necessary for the celebration of the holy mysteries. After some difficulty he obtained the use of a small back room, not large enough to hold a dozen people, and there, for the first time for three centuries, on the festival of St. Magdalen, the sacred Victim of Salvation was offered by him on a poor deal-table, which he could scarcely decently cover, not without tears at the thought of the many costly altars whose cast-off fittings would have been accounted splendour in such a place. He found the Catholics few at first, and very much Protestantised; but at each successive visit their number increased, and also their sense of their miserable condition, and their desire of having a church and a resident pastor. It need scarcely be said that in so wild a place, and with so poor a flock (they are above two hundred, partly Irish, partly French, chiefly employed on the government works), the fatigue to be endured by the missionary is above the strength of even a robust man. The missionary has therefore been obliged to duplicate, to walk several miles, and preach as many as three, four, and five times in one day. Not having a chapel, he could not assemble the whole of the people together, and was obliged to have as many services as there were batches of people in the various rooms.

Besides this, he has very hard work at Guernsey, with fifteen hundred souls to minister to, a roofless church, a ruined chapel, no school, scarcely any decent vestments or church-furniture, and multitudes of opponents both in Guernsey and in Alderney to mar his efforts and seduce his poor people, and especially the children. He is at present in London, seeking aid wherever it can be found.

NEW CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, HACKNEY.

On Tuesday last, this church was solemnly opened for divine service by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, who celebrated Mass, and preached a striking sermon on the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

The church is a small but pleasing structure, creditable as a whole to the rising reputation of Mr. Wardell. It consists of chancel, nave, and north aisle; and we were pleased to observe that arches of construction have been introduced into the masonry of the south wall, so as to allow of an aisle being thrown out in this direction also, as soon as circumstances justify the removal of the priest's house, which now abuts immediately upon the south-west corner of the church in a somewhat unsightly manner. The style selected is the early decorated, although the details do not in this respect preserve a complete harmony with one another. The fittings of the interior are appropriate and church-like; and in particular we may specify the richly carved altar and reredos, the roof painted in panels of mahogany, the stained-glass window at the east end, and the well-cut capitals of the chancel-arch, as worthy of notice. Of the exterior it is difficult to obtain a good view, but we confess ourselves to be far from partial to a bell-turret of the assuming character adopted in this instance; and we think that a bell-cote with two bells, after the more usual and simple models, would range better with the outline of the church as viewed in its most pleasing aspect from the south-east. With reference to this particular point of view, we may ask why brick-work was employed above the arches in the south wall; and for what reason buttresses of so sturdy a description were placed against the filling up of these arches, so soon, as we trust, to be removed?

A severe critic might perhaps cavil at the labels and heads—so often repeated—in the south aisle; at the ambitious door opening from the chancel into the sacristy, and still more at that from the north aisle, in a position which now or hereafter should surely be occupied by an altar; at the arrangement for the choir; and at the Easter Sepulchre, which can have no use according to the existing rites of the Church, and will probably be thought an archaism: but notwithstanding such blemishes as these, we may sincerely congratulate both the architect and the congregation upon the completion of so beautiful a church as the one has designed and the other possessed. We understand that the building will accommodate from 200 to 300, and that its total cost will be 2000*l*. We were glad to learn from the Missionary Apostolic of the district, that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood have throughout manifested the best and most kindly feeling both towards himself and his church.

Letters from Rome announce the joyful intelligence that the report of the murder of the admirable Father Ryllo and his companions is contradicted. Considerable agitation and difficulties are felt respecting the new Constitution for the Papal States, especially as to the position to be allotted to the Cardinals; whether or no they are to be members of the Upper House, as Peers. Father Ventura has published a pamphlet, maintaining this right for the Cardinals, but it is a question whether the popular party are disposed to acquiesce in this view. Three young Jews of Constantinople have lately been baptised in Rome by the Cardinal Vicar.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FORD'S HOTEL, 13, 14, 15, and 16, MANCHESTER STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON. Conveniently situated to the Residences of the Foreign Ministers,
On y parle Français.
A Private Entrance for Families at No. 16.—Sole Agents for the Lisbon College Wine.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 9 RUPERT STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE
(Nine doors from Coventry Street).

This CATHOLIC PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, commenced some years ago at Liverpool, and conducted entirely by CATHOLICS, was removed in December last to the metropolis. T. BOOKER respectfully solicits the support of the Catholic public, and hopes that, by careful attention and moderate charges, he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favour the Establishment with their support.
*• Book-work, Show Bills, Mortuary Bills, Dirge Cards, as well as every description of printing, neatly and expeditiously executed.

ST. MARY'S CHAPEL, MOORFIELDS.—On the **EVENINGS** of the **SUNDAYS** and **WEDNESDAYS** during Lent a **COURSE** of **LECTURES** on **MORAL** and **RELIGIOUS** SUBJECTS will be delivered by the **RIGHT REV. DR. WISEMAN**.
Service to commence at Seven o'Clock.

Alderney and Guernsey Missions.

I AGAIN implore the **CHARITY** of **ENGLISH** **CATHOLICS** for those **TWO POOR MISSIONS**. No resources have I but such as that Charity will give me. I have been away these two months from my people, and received very little. For that little, however, I am very thankful. Those who gave me their mite would have given me more if they could. I beseech all those who can spare a few shillings to send them me. It is a perfect case of spiritual (and often bodily) starvation to many. I cannot but be earnest and importunate when I see the work before me. May God bless all the Benefactors of the **GUERNSEY** and **ALDERNEY MISSIONS**, and speedily increase their number.

St. Peter's, Guernsey; or
50 St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

AMADEUS GUIDEZ.

A. M. D. G.

"THE INTERESTING CASE."— "It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive."

Already Advertised.....	£725 15 4½
"Poor Box," Convent	0 15 0
Per Card (second sub.), Fanny Garland	0 5 3
Miss M. Constable	1 0 0
Per Card, Mr. Shotton	0 15 0
M. A. Rymer, jun.	0 7 0
"A Trifle from Mary"	0 1 0
"A few poor Servants"—Hampstead	0 5 6
"A Friend," Suffolk	1 0 0
Collected by a good Servant	1 0 0
A London Catholic (Stamps)	0 1 0
"A Friend to Religious Establishments" (2d sub.)	10 0 0
John Euston, Esq.	5 0 0
"An Old Friend," Cornhill (Stamps)	0 0 6
Collected by Miss M. Knight, Liverpool	1 1 6
Ditto per Mr. H. Moore, Dewsey	0 11 6
Miss Le Clerc	1 0 0
"A Friend," St. Edmundsbury	0 4 0
Mrs. Homan and Mr. Birdsall	0 5 0
Mrs. Gathern, Northampton	0 5 0
Hon. W. B. Petre, Amptill	10 0 0
Mrs. Gibson, Birkenhead	1 0 0

Many grateful thanks to the good souls whose donations appear in the above list. We are especially indebted to the two generous benefactors of 10*l.* each. Would that we had many more like them in the Eastern District; many more such friends to "Religious Establishments."

But though this district seems to have been, in ancient days, the most wealthy and the most Catholic portion of England, yet now how changed, how fallen! The inheritors of the olden faith are few, poor, and scattered here and there like wandering sheep. "The ways of Sion mourn; all her gates are broken down; her priests sigh; her adversaries are become her lords, and her enemies are enriched."

Yes, the four glorious cathedrals that still remain in the district seem to weep over their desolation; our magnificent churches, the fruits of so much piety and charity, are desecrated and profaned; and our once noble abbeys, monasteries, and convents, alas! where are they? In ruins, or else entirely swept away.

But let us hope brighter days are coming. If his Lordship can only be enabled to erect the Convent in Northampton, an impetus will be given to the whole district, independent of the great good that will surely accrue to the town itself. And in course of time, with the Divine blessing, the large towns may be able to receive filiations from the mother-house here. What a blessing this would be!

Hasten, then, good Christian, to aid so important a work. Whatever you give, you will be no loser in the end; on the contrary, rather will be the gainer, perhaps a hundredfold. Remember the words of truth itself: "It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive." Did you ever know or hear of any one becoming poor by being charitable, or contributing to the advancement of religion?

Bishop's House, Northampton.

JOHN DALTON.

P.S. I safely received the beautiful purse and its contents—many sincere thanks to the good donor. I am not quite sure as yet whether the "Bazaar" will succeed; if it should, it will be held in London some time during the summer; if not, I shall convert it into a lottery; and in this case, the half-crown tickets will come in very nicely. But those who do not wish to join the lottery will have their money returned. I sincerely trust all the good charitable ladies that read these lines will, for the sake of the Convent, take an interest in our projected Bazaar. Nothing, however humble, will be refused. Even good-looking "dolls" will be accepted.

TO BE RAFFLED FOR, a SPLENDID GOLD SNUFF-BOX, weighing nearly Six Ounces, embellished with a beautiful Miniature Portrait of HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.

This Box has already been raffled for twice; once in Paris, where it produced 40*l.*, and once in London, when 50*l.* was obtained; the whole of which money has been forwarded to the distressed Irish.

On the last occasion, our late venerated Bishop Dr. GRIFFITHS became the possessor of the Box, and kindly returned it to the treasurer, requesting him to dispose of it for the joint benefit of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul, London, and the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, St. George's Church, Southwark; and an effort is now being made to dispose of it in 5000 Shares, at One Shilling each.

Parties who may feel inclined to assist in this object are requested to apply for Tickets to the Treasurer, Mr. PAOLIANO, 28 Golden Square, where the Box may be seen. They may also be had of Mr. BURNS, Portman Street. There are still about 500 Tickets on hand.

Notice of the day, place, and time of drawing, will be inserted in the *Times* and *Tablet* newspapers, and the *Rambler*.

GOVERNESS.—A LADY of superior connexions wishes to meet with a **SITUATION** as **GOVERNESS** in the **FAMILY** of a **CATHOLIC NOBLEMAN** or **GENTLEMAN**. She can give instruction in the **German, French, and Italian Languages**; **Music, Drawing**; and all the usual branches of a **Lady's Education**; and will give satisfactory **Testimonials** as to her ability, &c.

Address, "A. C.," Mr. Burns, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, London.

SURGEON EYRE'S PECTORAL PILLS.



These Cough Pills only require one Dose to be taken to prove their efficacy. A Box will relieve a person troubled with the most obstinate Cough, of whatever duration, and in most instances effect a permanent Cure.

IT IS NOT BY ADVERTISING THESE PILLS THAT MR. EYRE, SURGEON, LEE, KENT, deservedly received so many astonishing Testimonials, which are enclosed with every Box, but by the recommendation of Mr. E.'s Patients, who have been cured of the following Complaints: viz. Incipient Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Shortness of Breath, &c.

It is a well known fact, that numbers of our fellow-creatures are sacrificed through taking compounds prepared by uneducated men in the practice of Physic. The sufferer commences from having seen it advertised in numerous Publications, and without finding the least relief whatever, is induced to continue it, being in hope that he will shortly find benefit, which unfortunately ends in a fruitless attempt.

MANY EXCELLENT MEDICINES have been discovered by Medical Men for various Complaints; but because Pills, &c. are introduced by Advertisers, some of whom are totally unacquainted with the Profession, a gentleman who has been educated for it considers it disgraceful, consequently comparatively few have the benefit of a good discovery of this kind.

IT IS THIS, AND THE TESTIMONIALS, that have induced Mr. EYRE to present the Recipe of the Pills to the present Proprietor; and with the strongest confidence he recommends them, after using the same in his practice for more than forty-seven years.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC.—Numerous mistakes having occurred with some vendors of EYRE'S COUGH PILLS, the proprietors deem it prudent to caution purchasers of this Medicine to particularly notice the words on the label, "AS PREPARED BY MR. D. EYRE, Surgeon, Lee, Kent." They are wrapped in a buff paper. Ask for "Surgeon Eyre's Cough Pills."

SOLD, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY MESSRS. JOHN-STONE, CORNHILL; PROUT, TEMPLE BAR; SANGER, OXFORD STREET; WHITE, PICCADILLY; HENSON, WATFORD; MEIRES, ANGLES, AND MEIRES, MAIDSTONE AT 1*s.* 1*d.* AND 2*s.* 9*d.* PER BOX; THE 2*s.* 9*d.* BOXES CONTAIN THREE SMALL.

THE GREATEST SALE OF

ANY MEDICINE IN THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—A VERY BAD LIVER AND STOMACH COMPLAINT CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Mr. Robert Wardle, residing at Ravensworth, near Richmond, had been a very severe sufferer for years from a most obstinate liver and stomach complaint. He tried a number of medical men, but their medicines afforded him no relief. He then had recourse to Holloway's Pills, which invaluable remedy soon restored him to health. These pills act so immediately on the seat of disease, that they are considered the most popular specific for bile, sick headaches, deranged stomachs, disordered liver, flatulency, and similar complaints; and, as a family medicine, Holloway's Pills cannot be excelled.

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